

DELL

NOV.-DEC.

Still 10¢

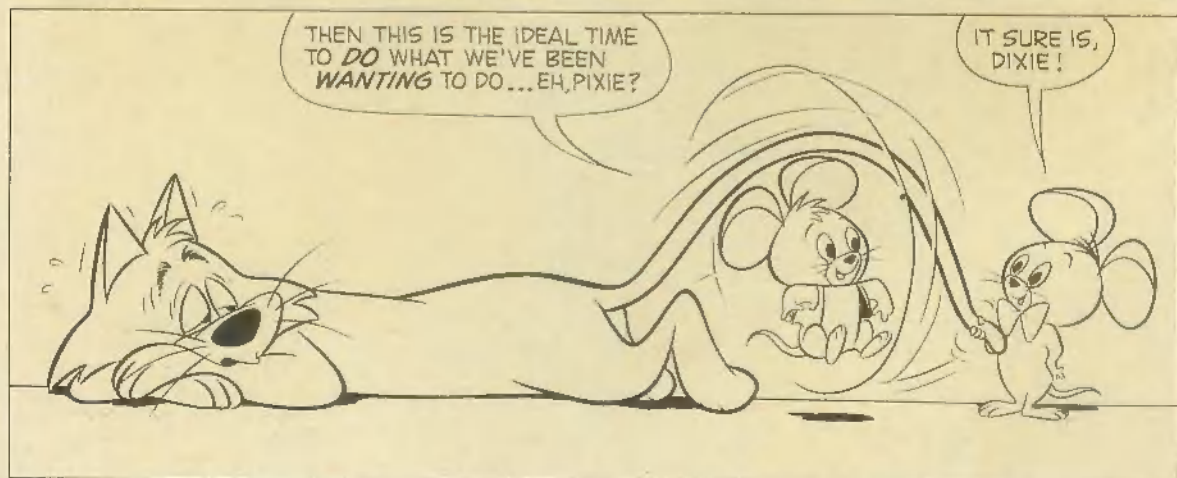
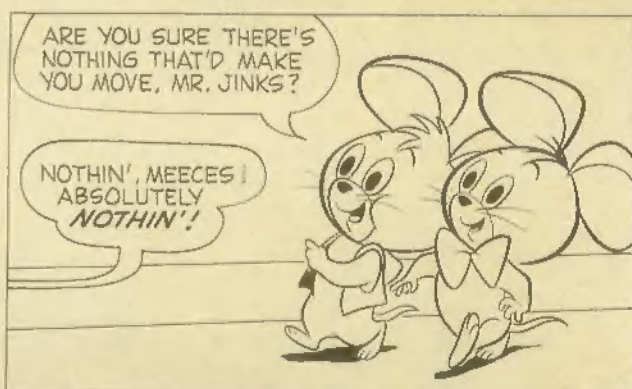
# Huckleberry Hound





# PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

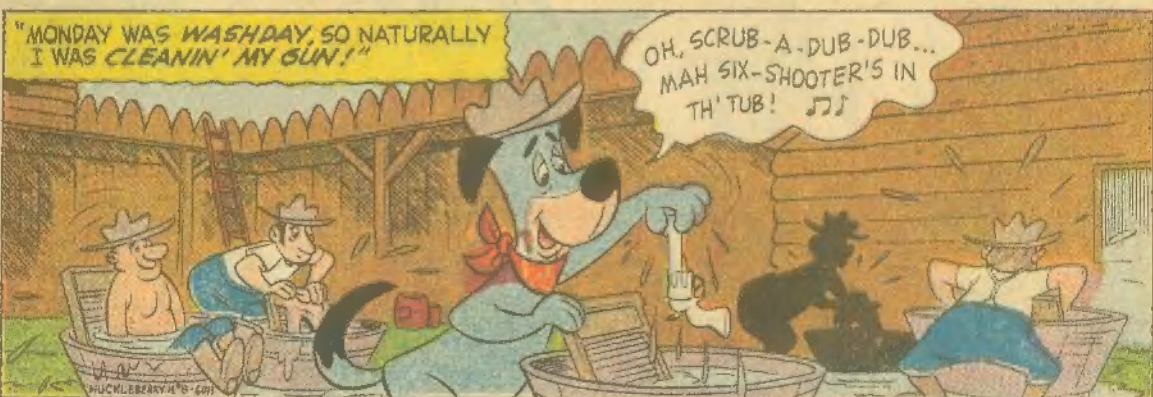
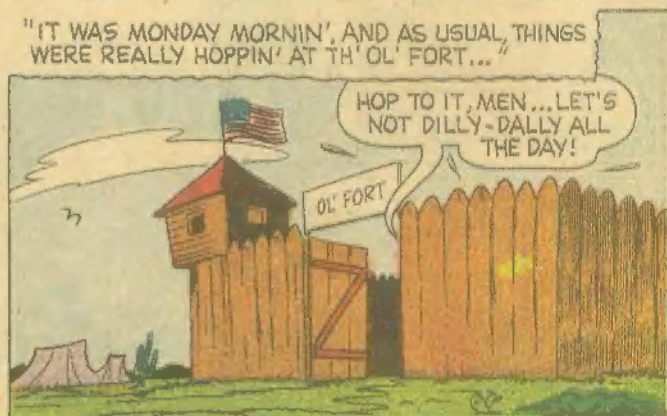
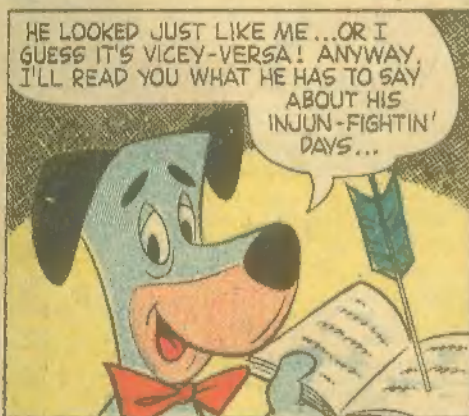
## A CAT TALE





# Huckleberry Hound

## SIMPLY GRAND GRANDDADDY



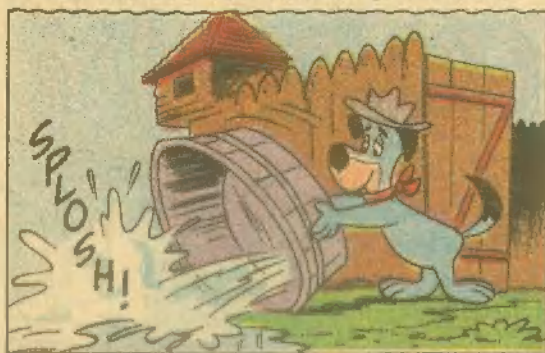
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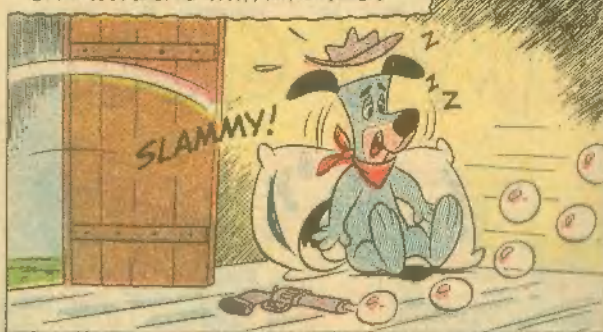
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"I FINISHED EXTRA EARLY, AND HAD A BIG TIME PLANNED FOR THE REST OF THE DAY..."



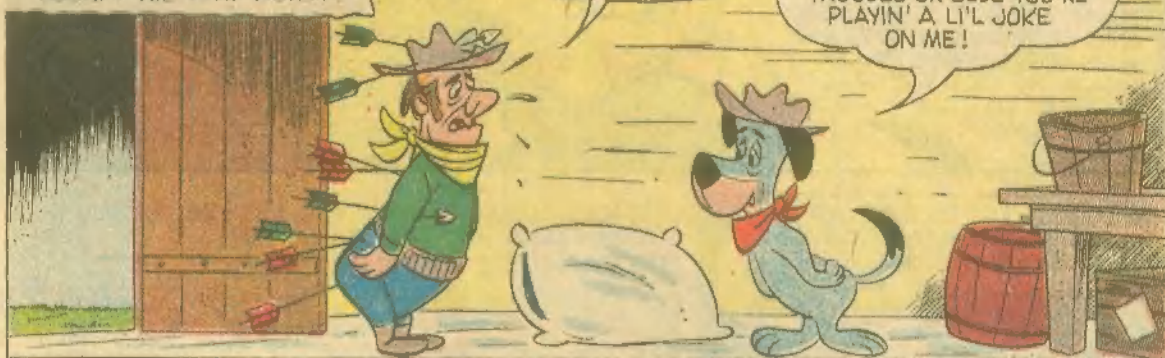
"BUT I DIDN'T GET VERY FAR WITH MY SIESTA, 'CAUSE JUST THEN THE DOOR BURST WIDE OPEN... ALONG WITH MY EYES!"



"IT WAS ONE OF OUR VERY BEST SCOUTS, LOOKIN' HIS VERY WORST!"

GUESS WHAT!

WELL, EITHER IT'S INJUN TROUBLE OR ELSE YOU'RE PLAYIN' A LI'L JOKE ON ME!



THIS IS FOR REAL! CHIEF CRAZY COYOTE IS ON THE WAR PATH!

TCH! LET'S GO TELL THE GENERAL!



GENERAL BUSTER, SIR ...GUESS WHAT!

I ALREADY KNOW, ALREADY!

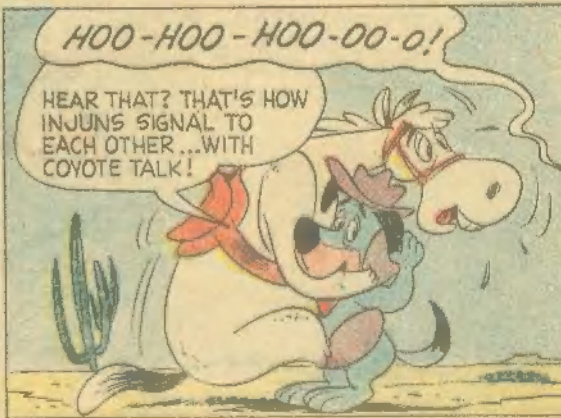
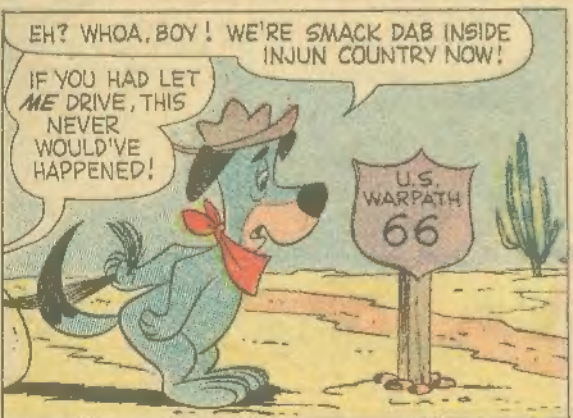
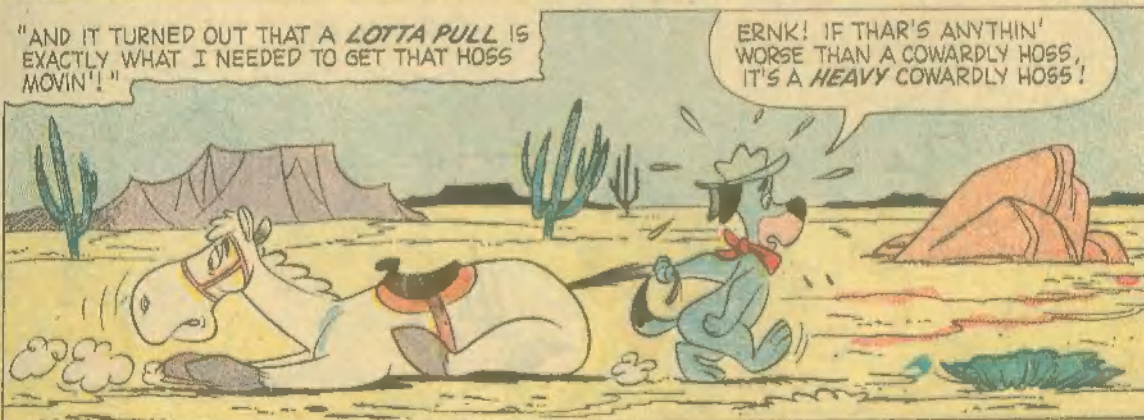
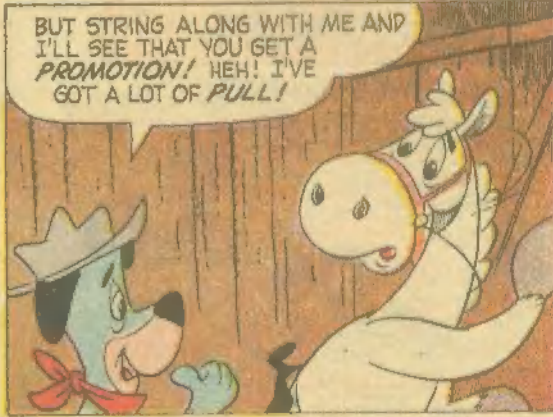


NOW THEN, PRIVATE, I NEED A VOLUNTEER TO VOLUNTEER FOR A YOU-WON'T-COME-BACK-ALIVE-TYPE MISSION!

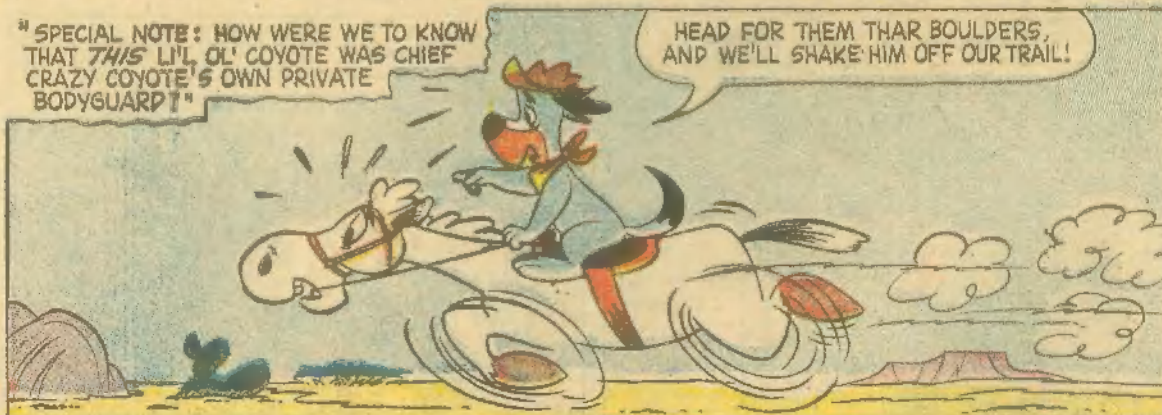
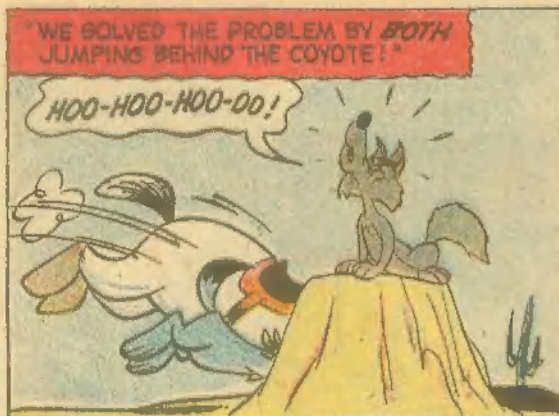
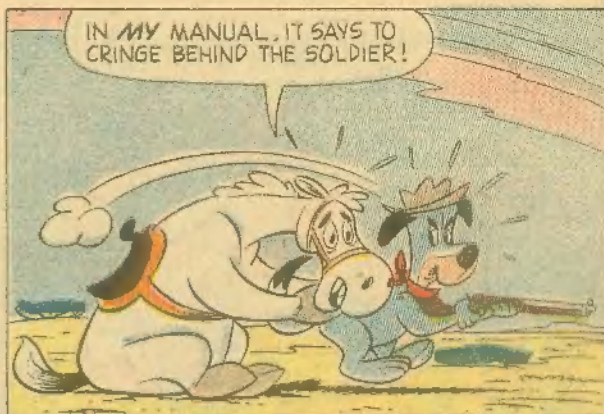
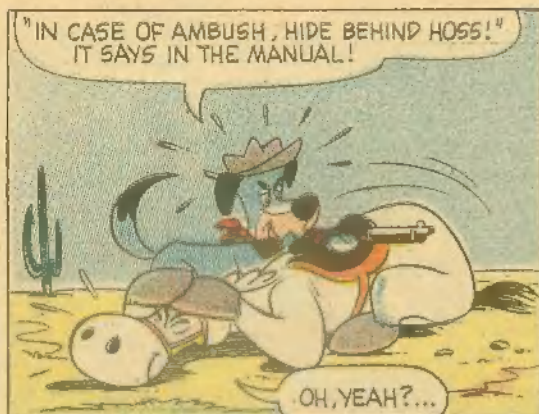
UH-OH! THAT TYPE, EH?



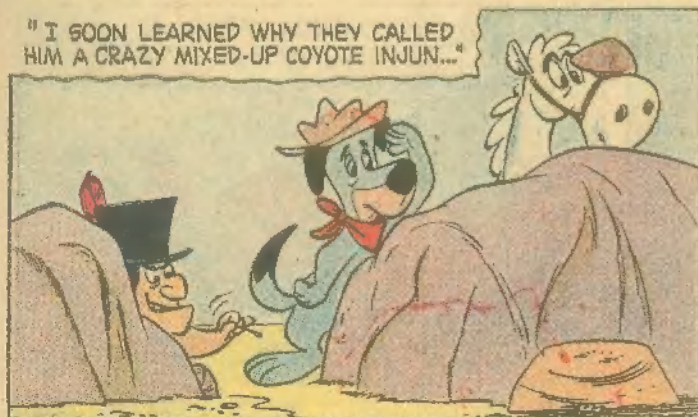
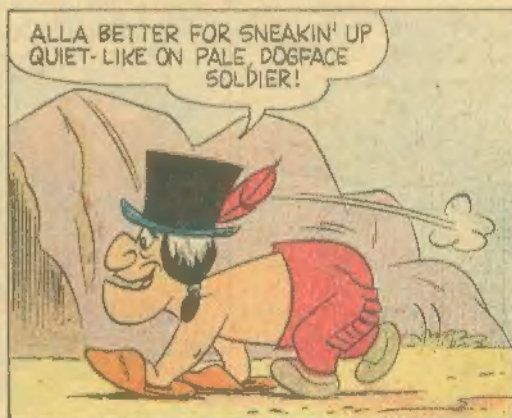
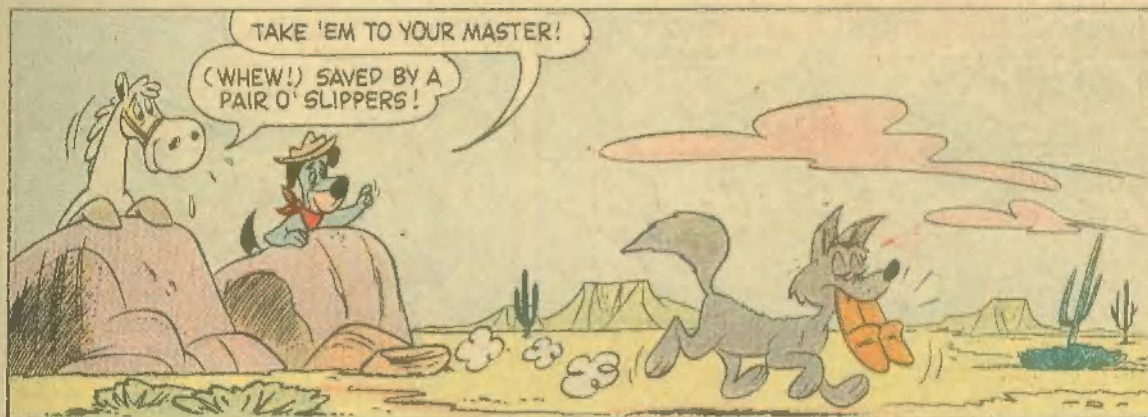
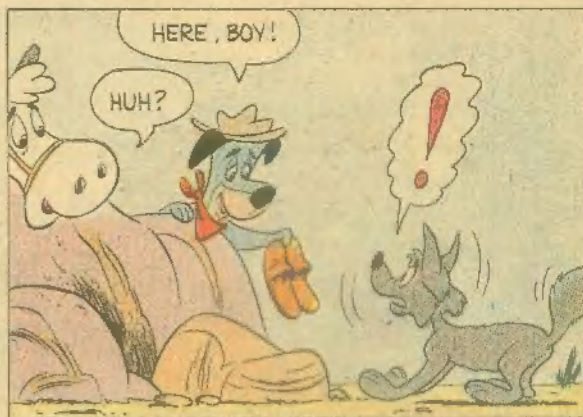




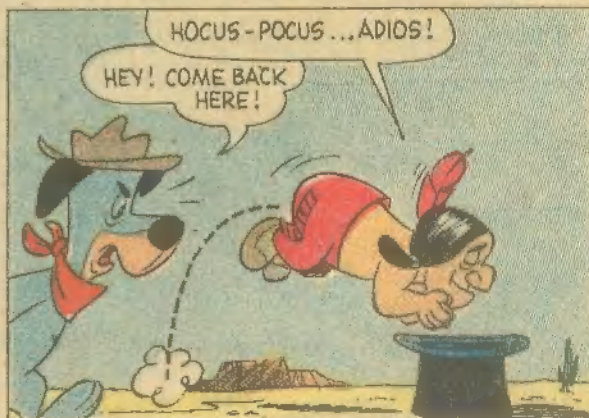
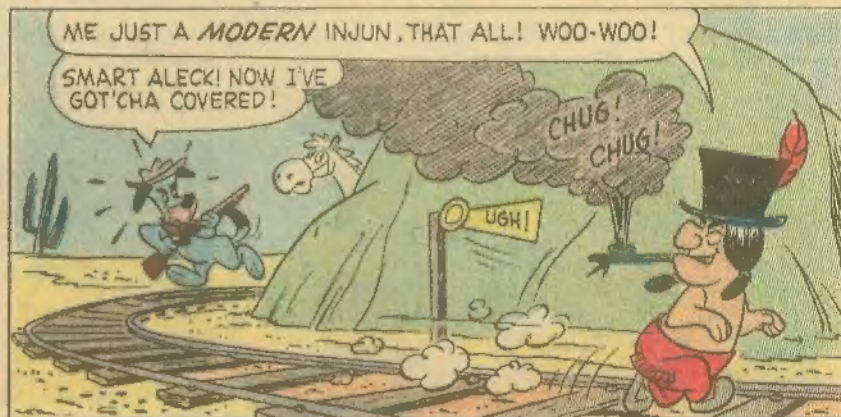




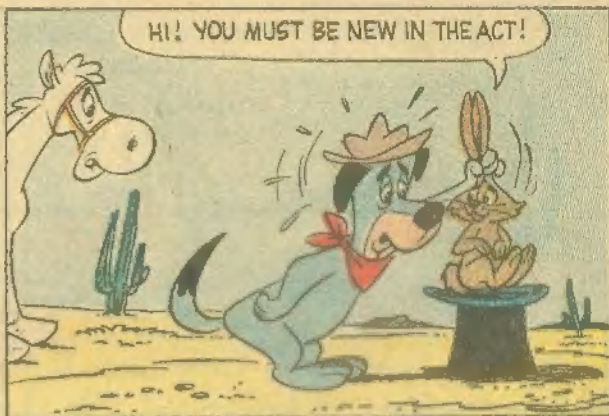








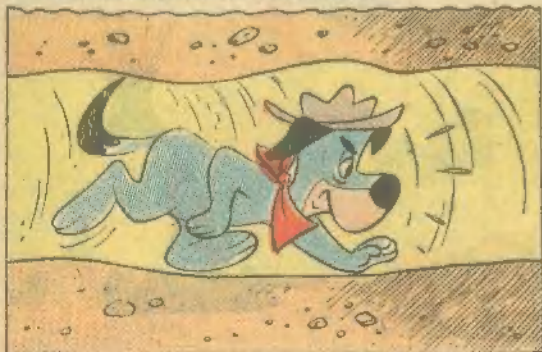




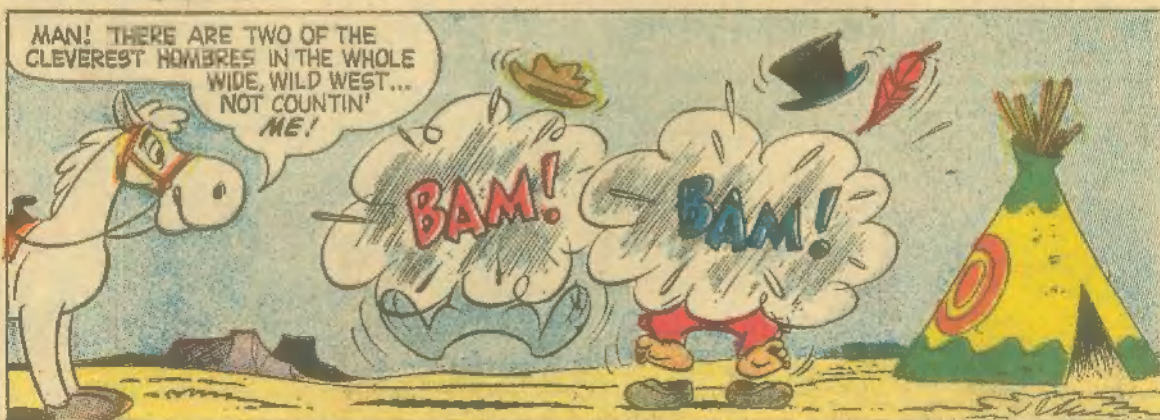
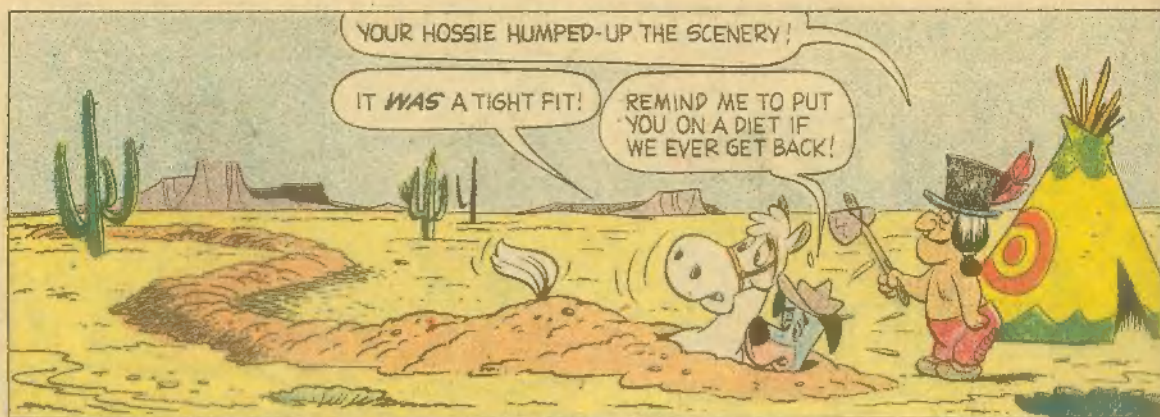
"IT TURNED OUT THE HAT WAS SETTIN' OVER A *SECRET TUNNEL*..."



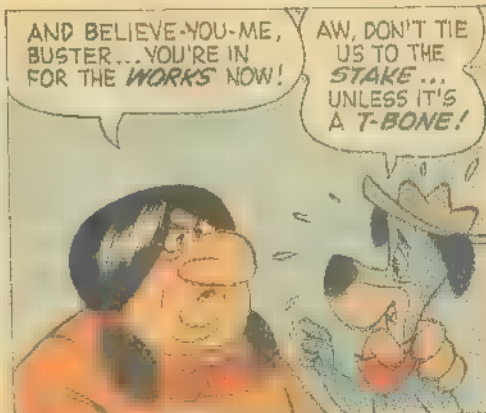
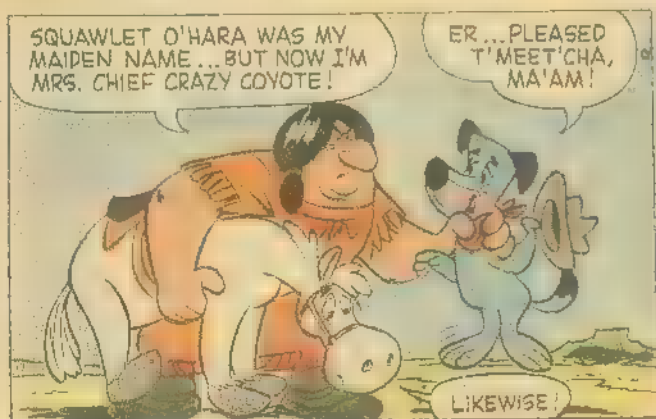
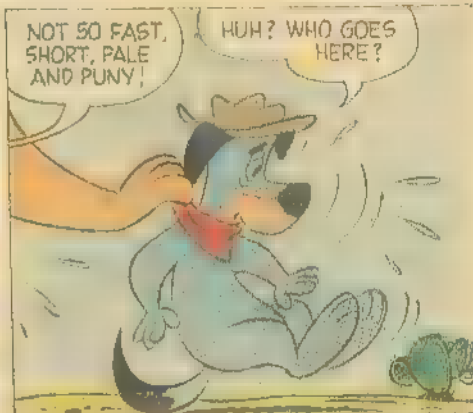
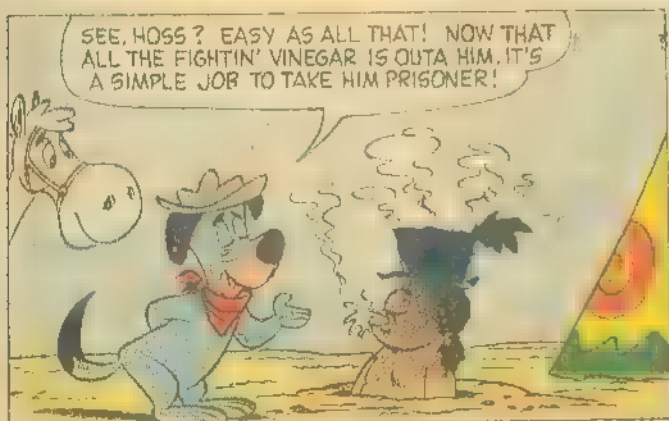
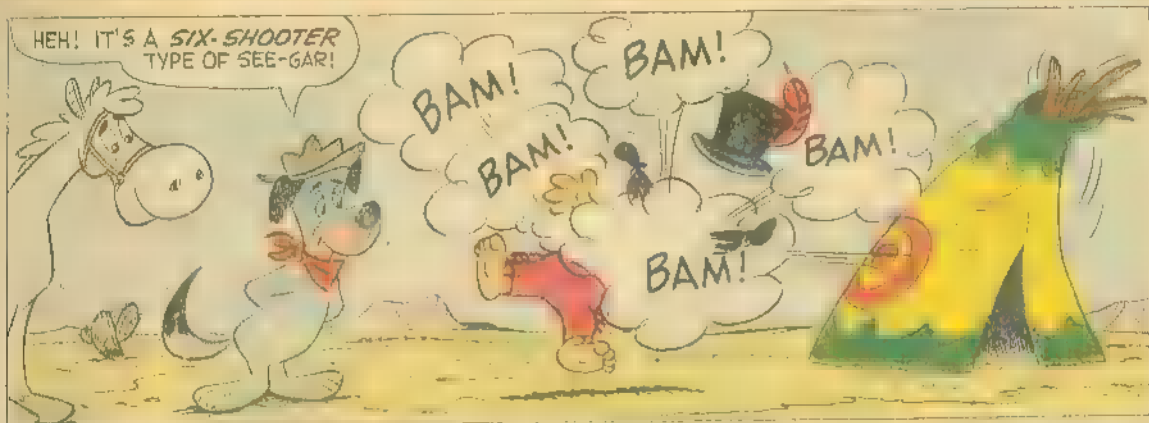
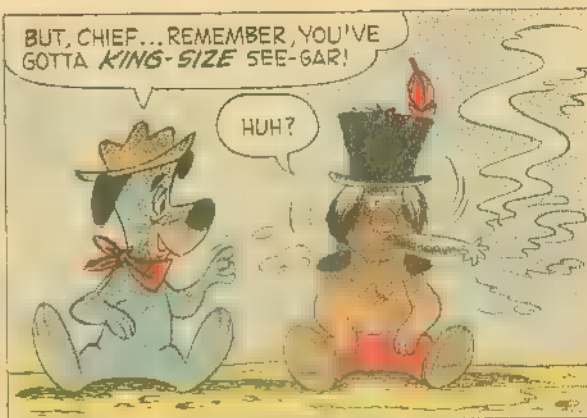
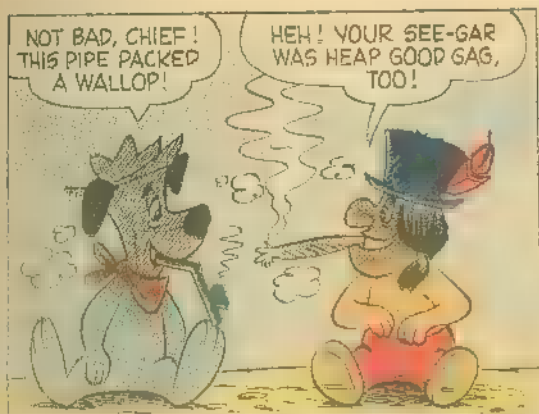
"SO WE FOLLOWED CHIEF CRAZY COYOTE LIKE UNDERGROUND AGENTS..."



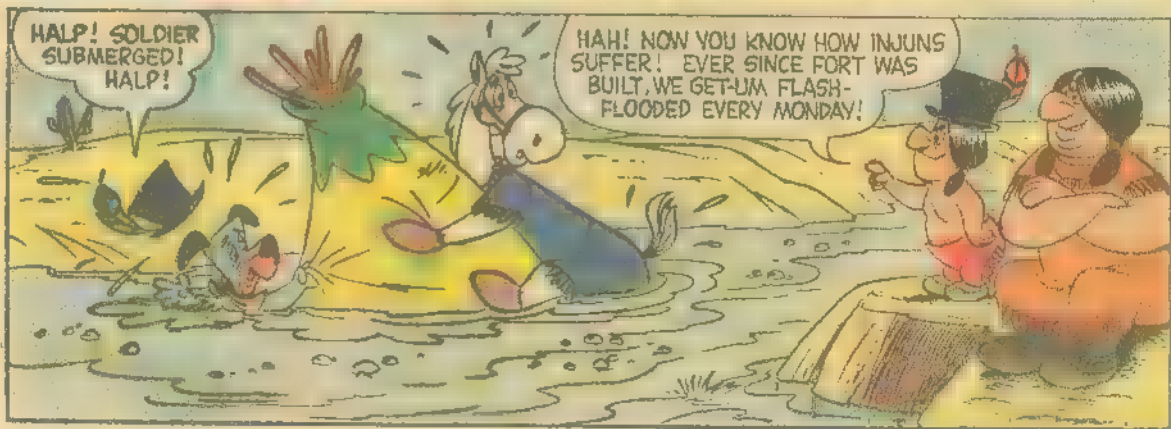
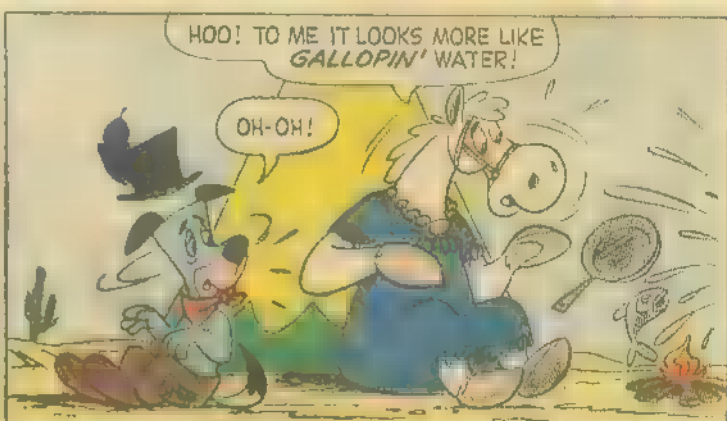
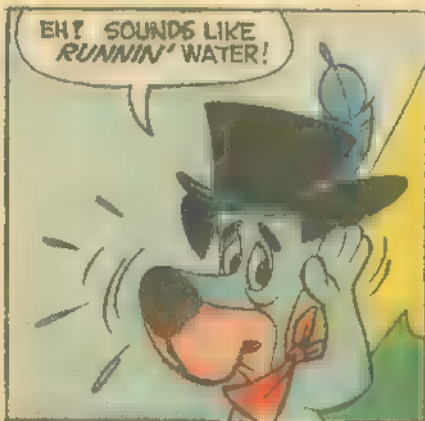
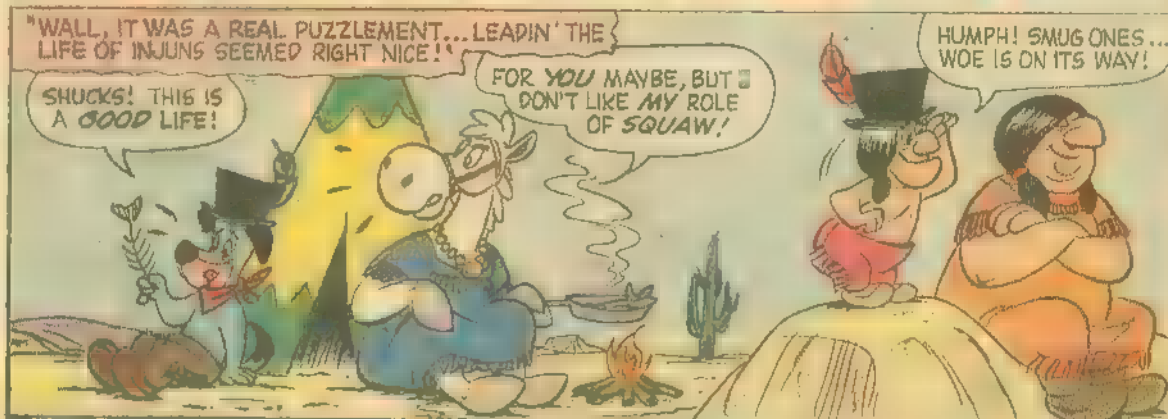
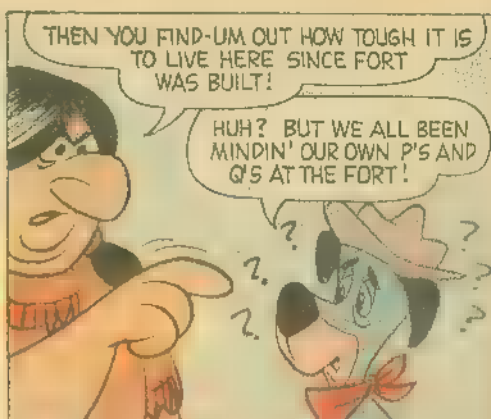
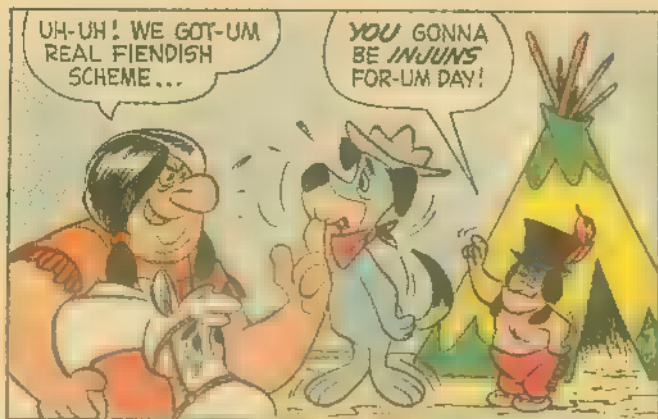




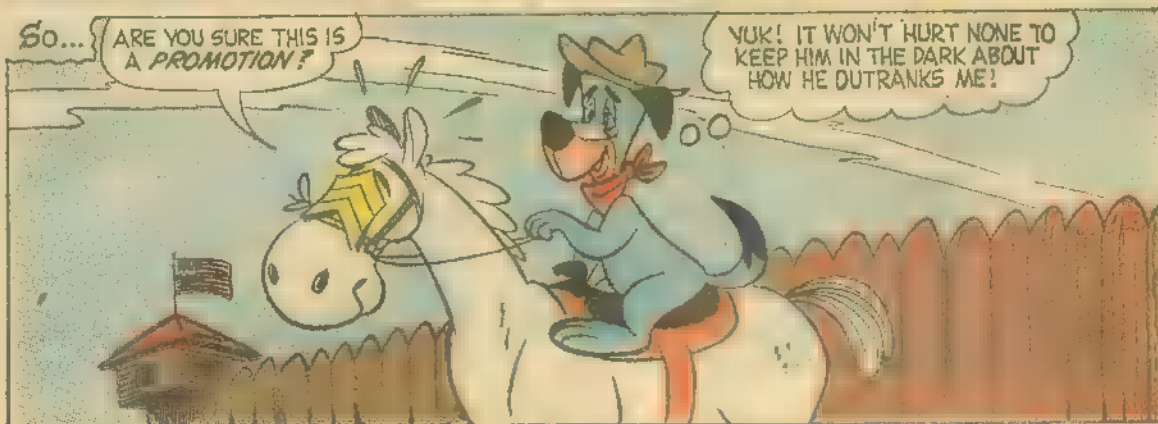
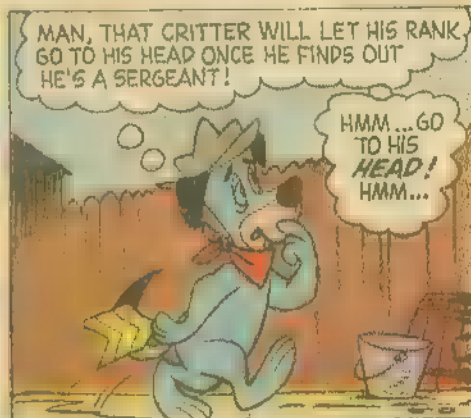
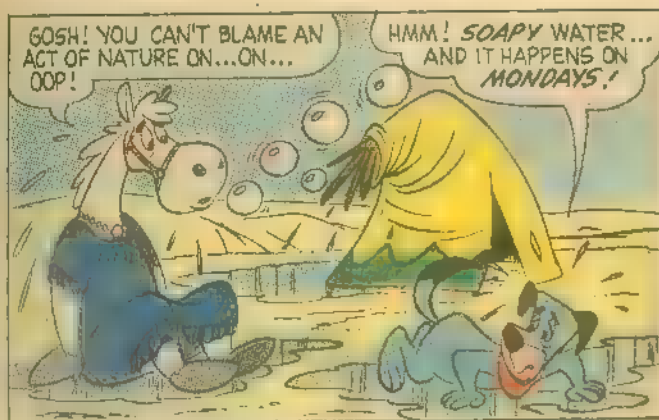












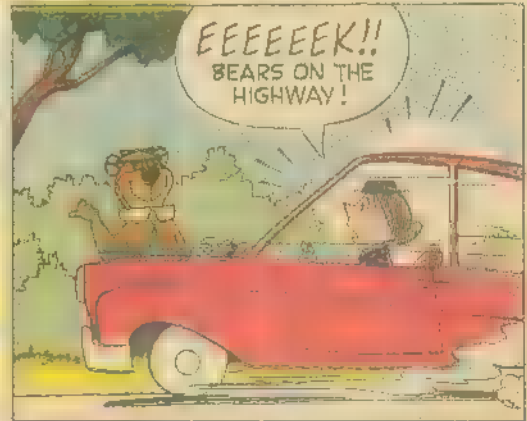
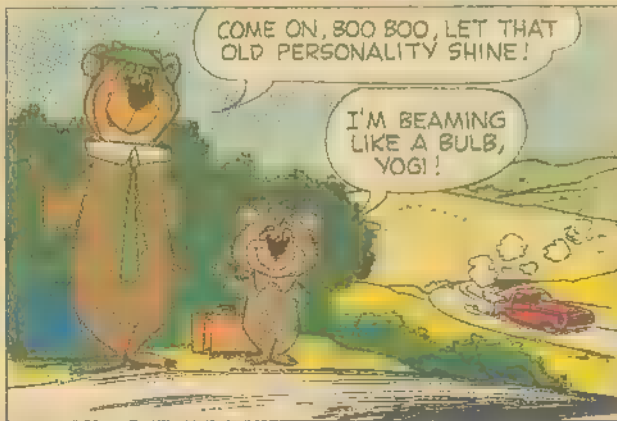
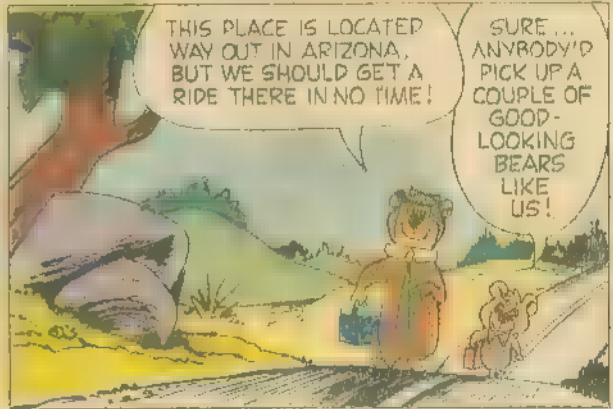
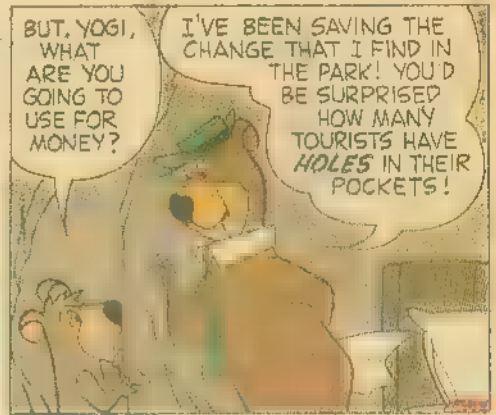


YOGI  
BEAR

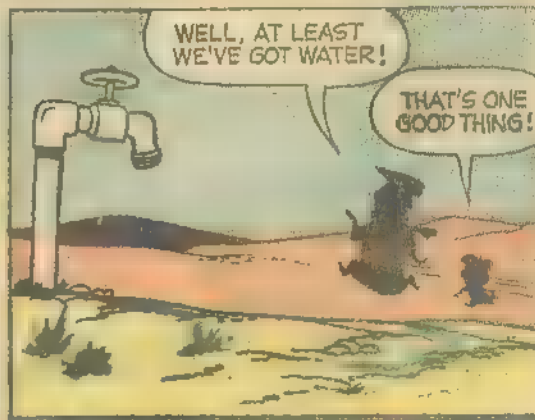
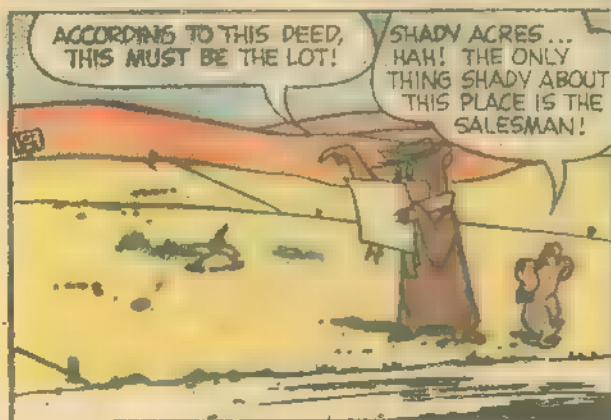
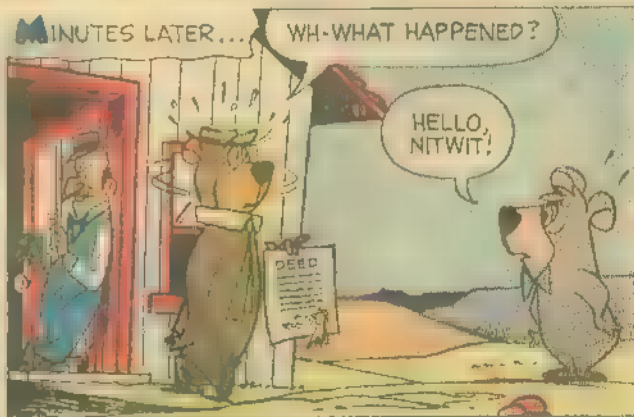
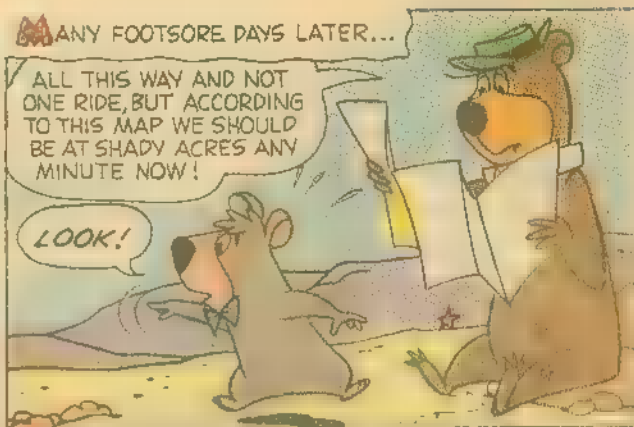
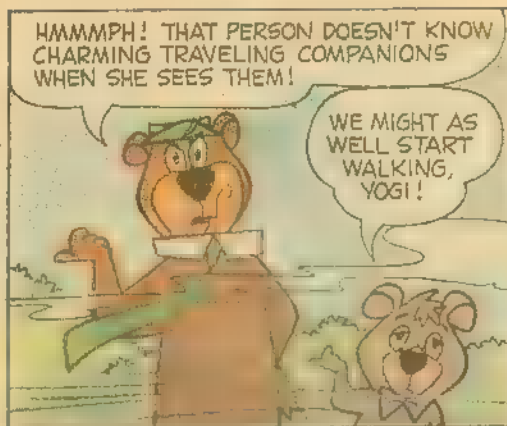
# TOO MANY RULES



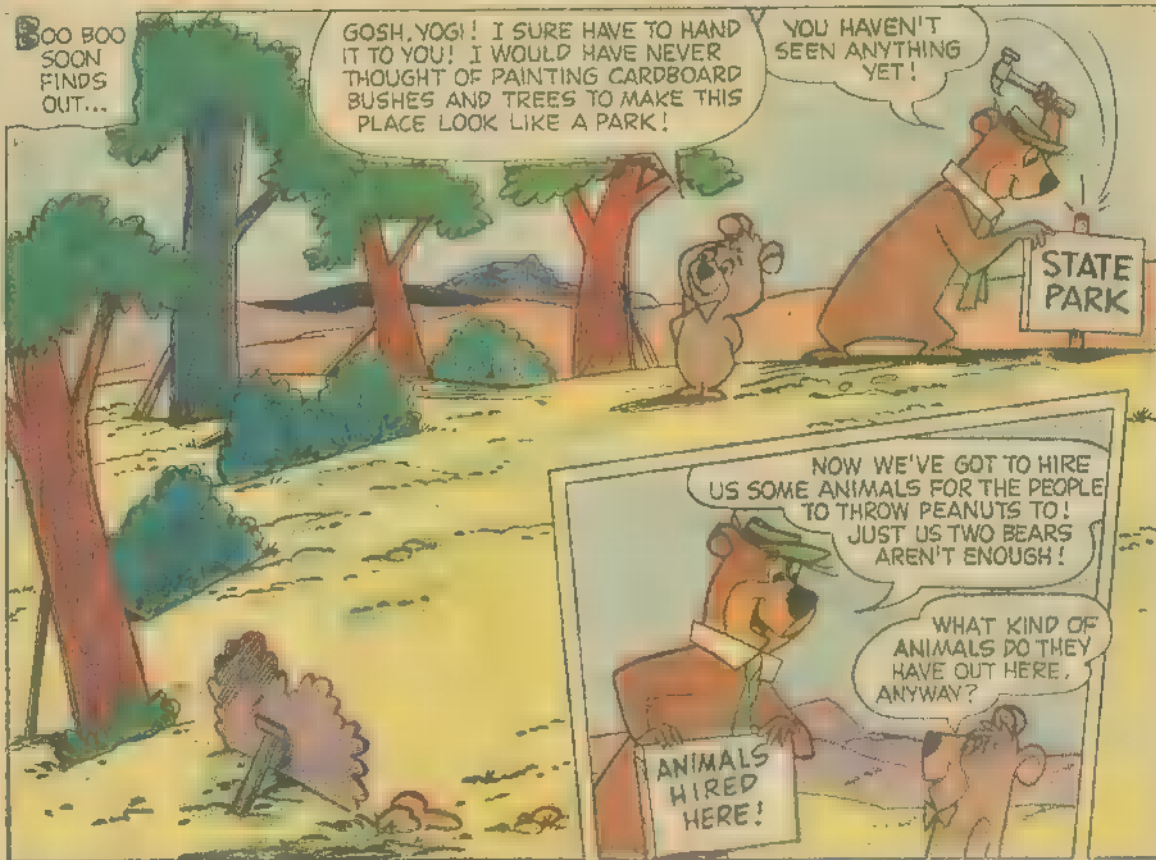
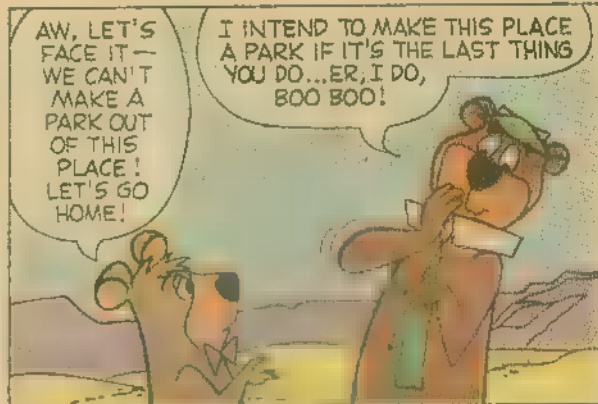
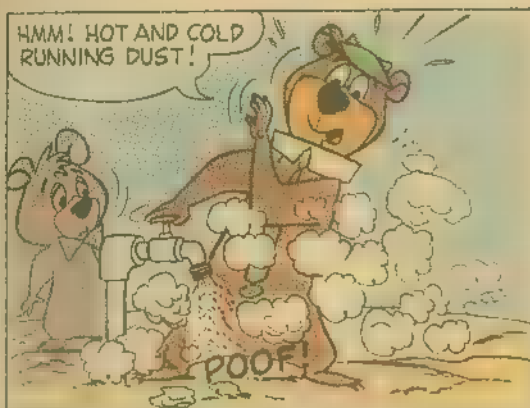




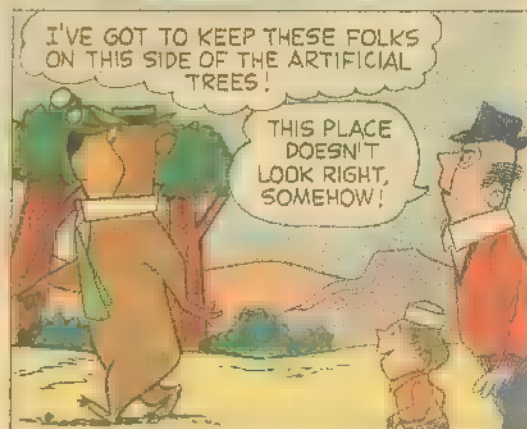
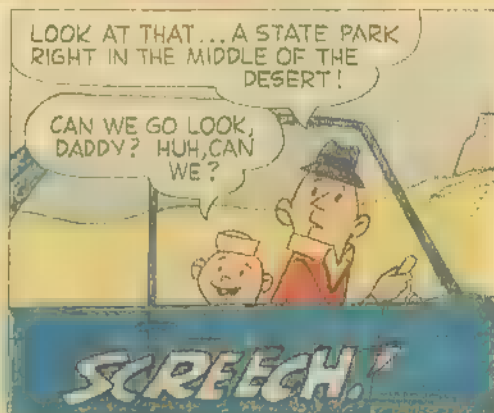
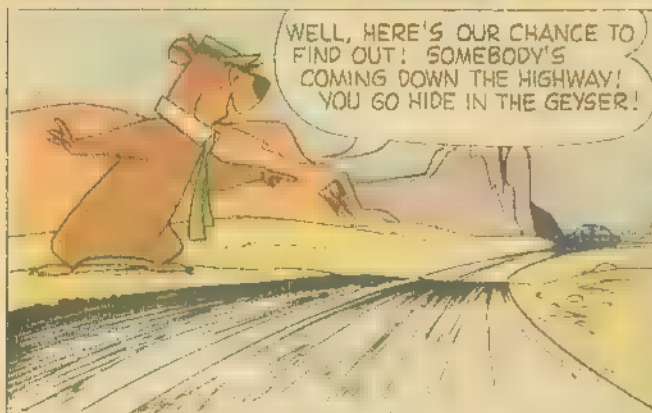
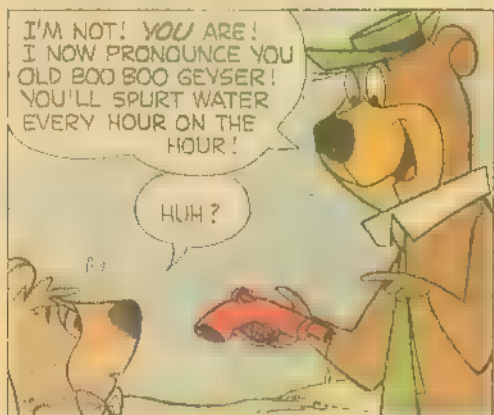
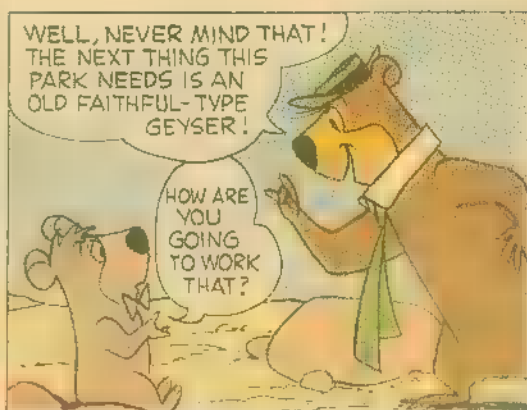




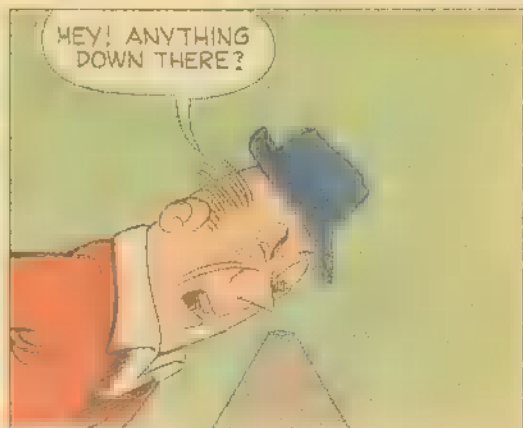
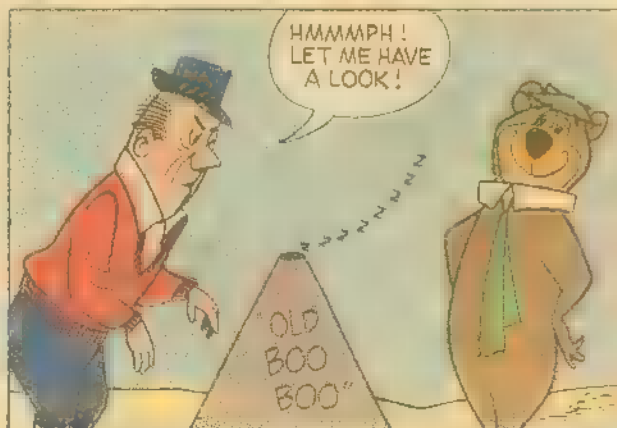
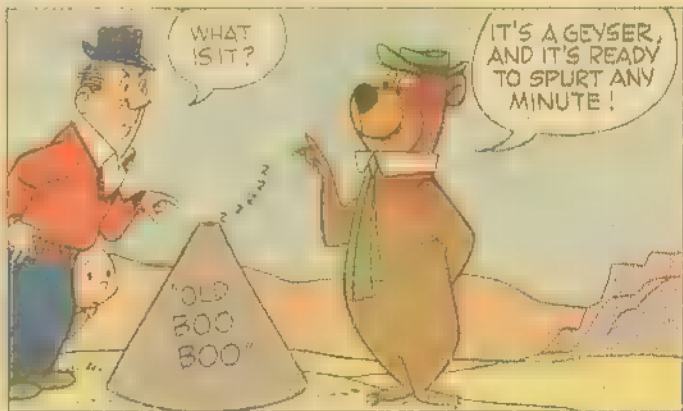
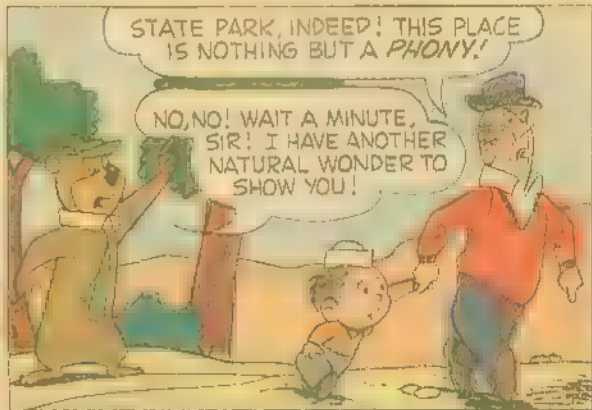
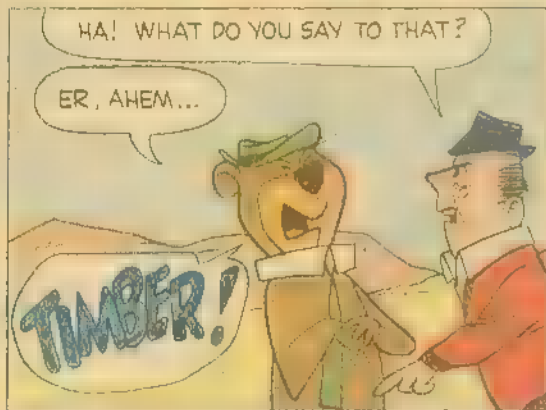
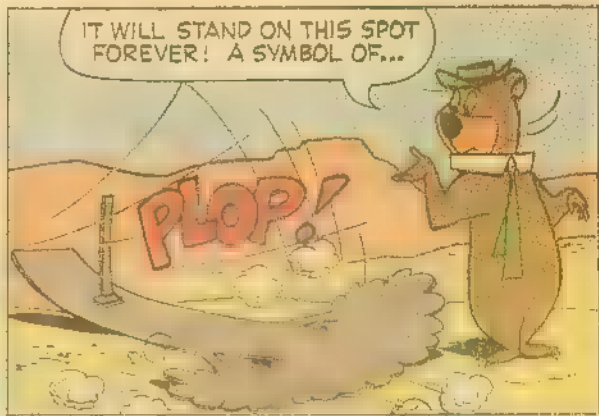
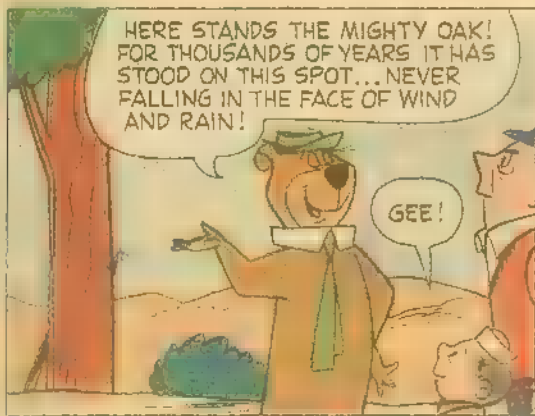




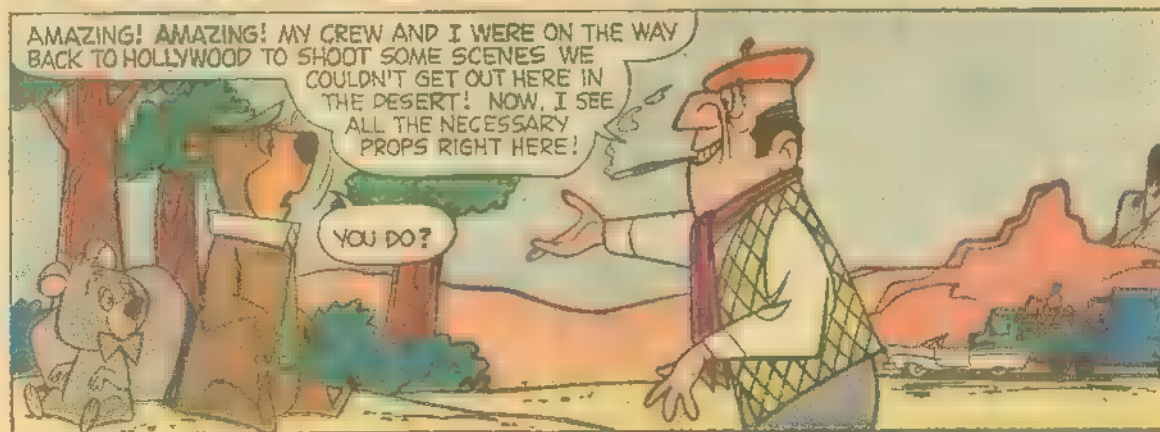
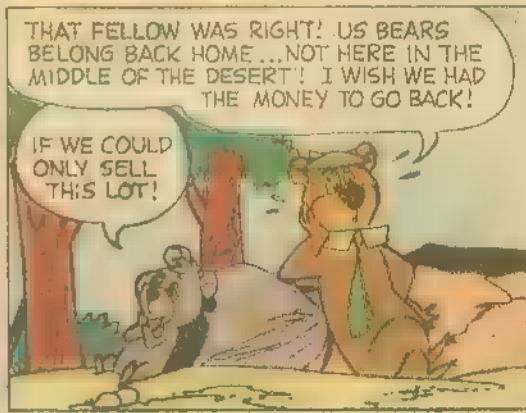
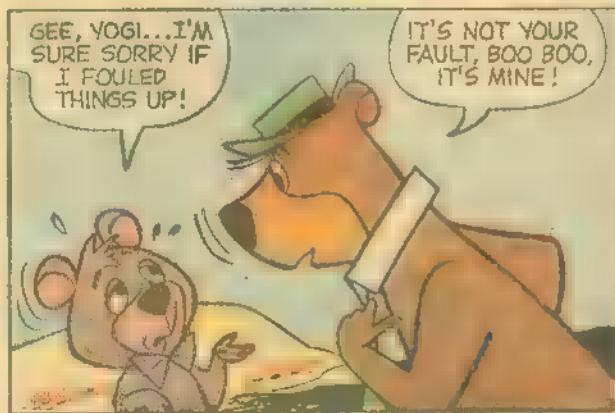
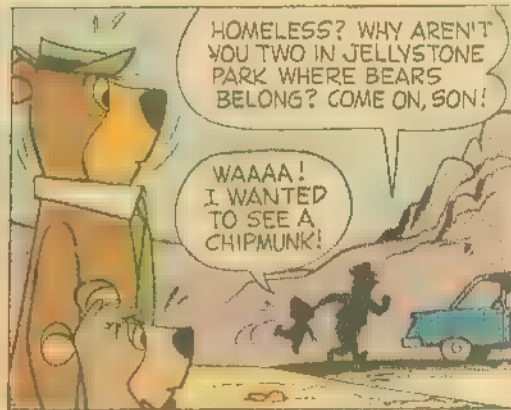
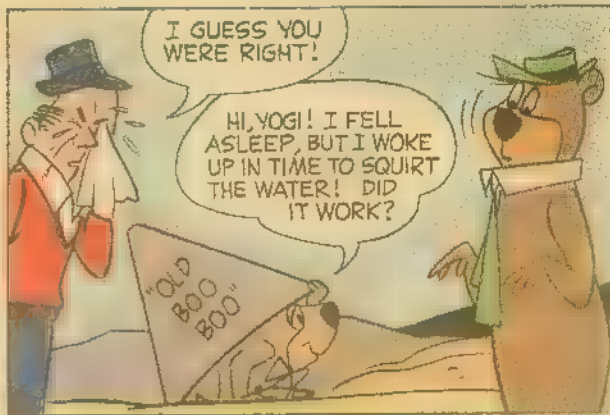
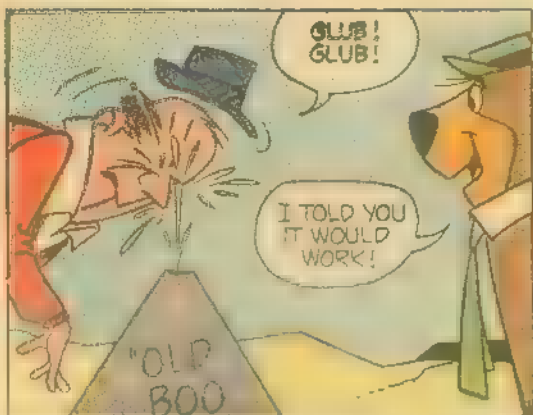


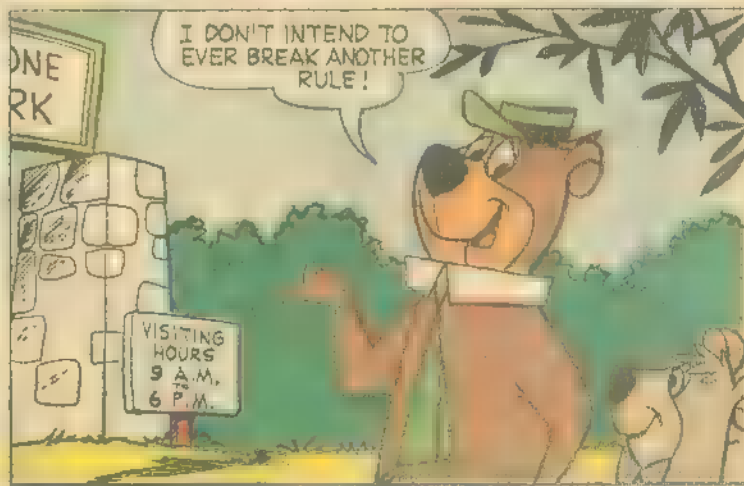
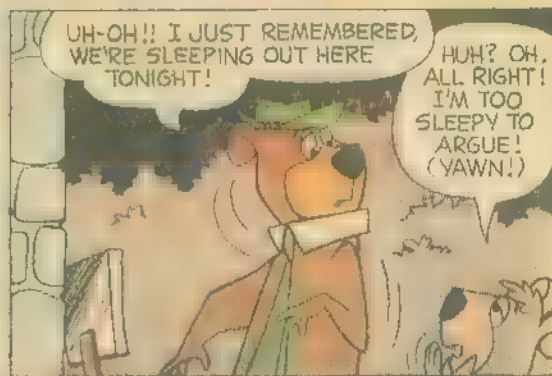
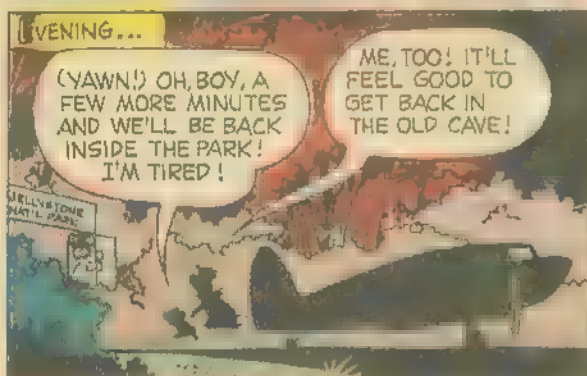
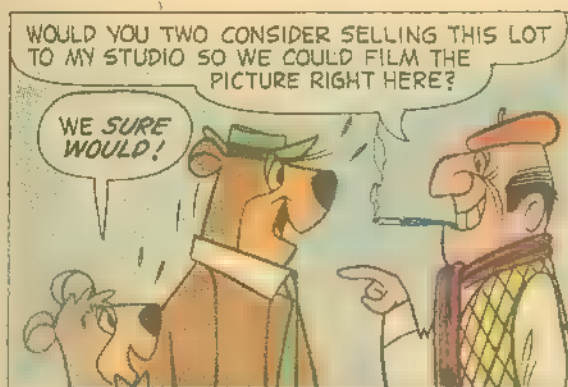














PIXIE,  
and MR.

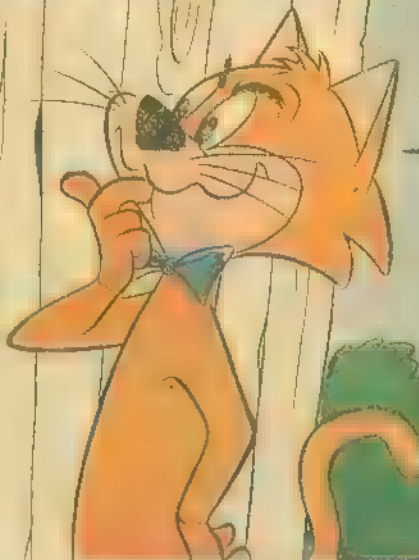
# JUMPING JACK JINKS

**HOPPO**  
WORLD'S CHAMPION  
JUMPER

WILL MEET  
ALL COMERS!



OUT JUMPO HIM AND  
\$ WIN BIG CASH PRIZE! \$



HMM! I  
COULDN'T  
WIN, BUT  
I GOT AN  
IDEA WHO  
COULD  
DO IT  
FOR  
ME!

I'M REFERRING TO A COUPLE OF  
REAL NERVOUS-TYPE MEECES!  
THEY'RE THE **JUMPIEST!**



WE'LL SEE WHICH ONE OF THE LITTLE BOUNDERS  
CAN BOUND THE FARTHEST! (CHUCKLE!)



WONDER WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
MR. JINKS, PIXIE?  
WE HAVEN'T HEARD  
**BOO** OUT OF HIM  
ALL DAY!



**BOO!**

YEEEEK!

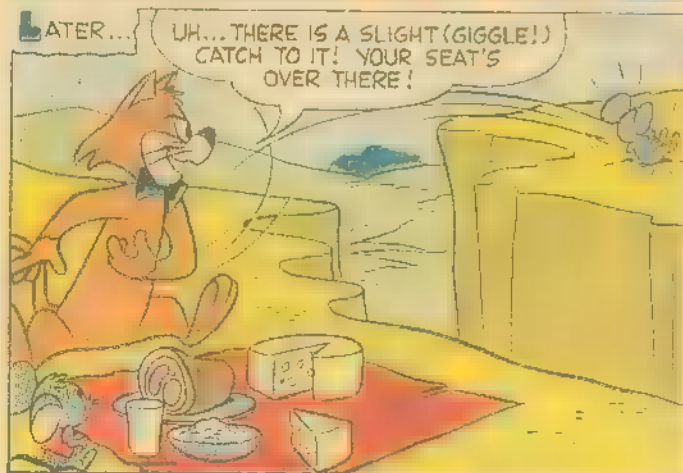
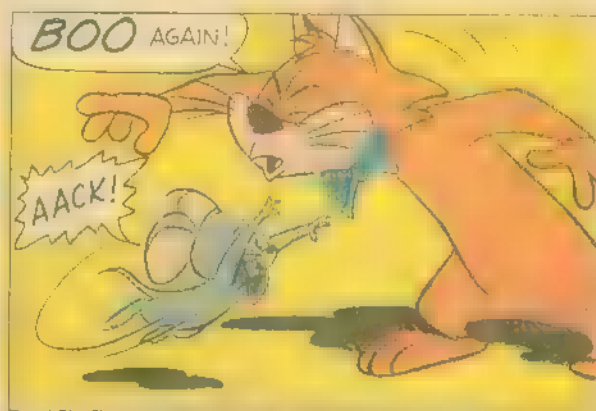
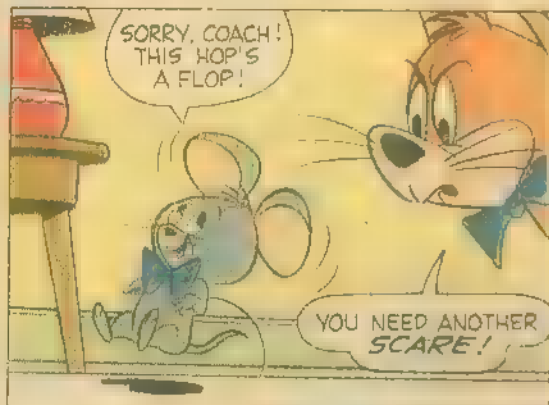
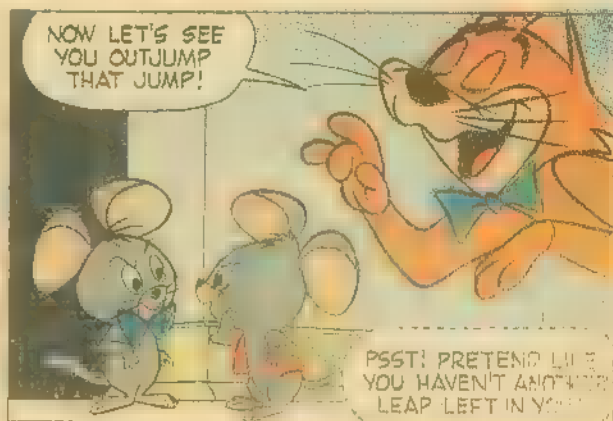
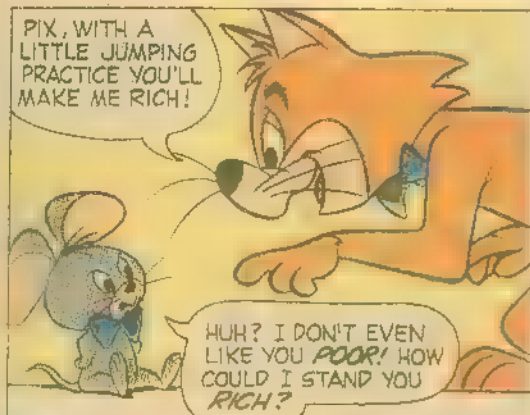


WELL, GUESS  
THAT ANSWERS  
YOUR QUESTION,  
DIXIE!

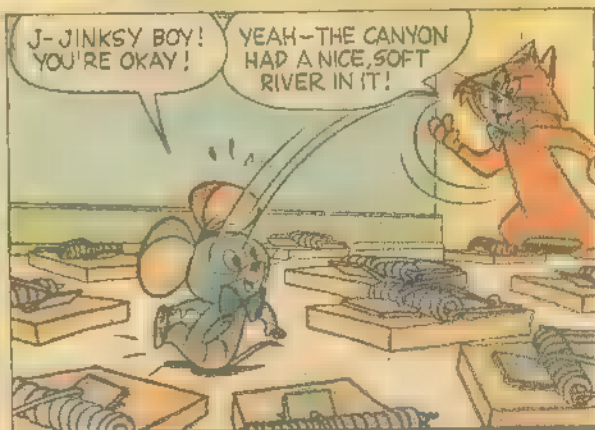
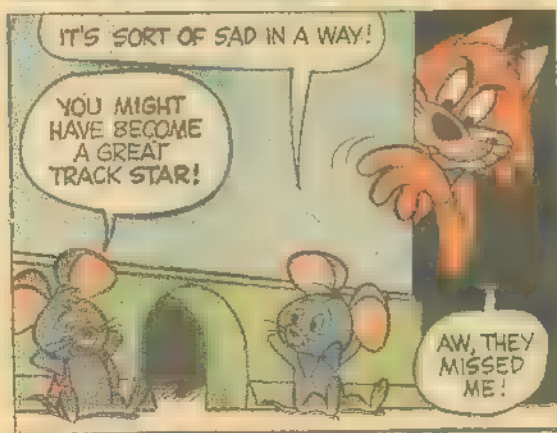
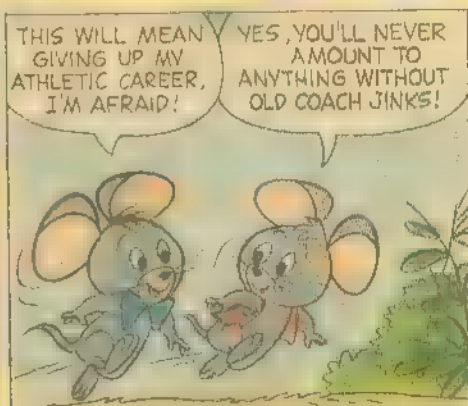
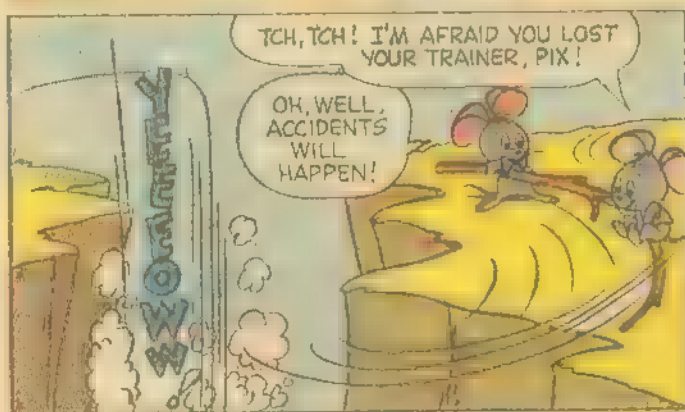
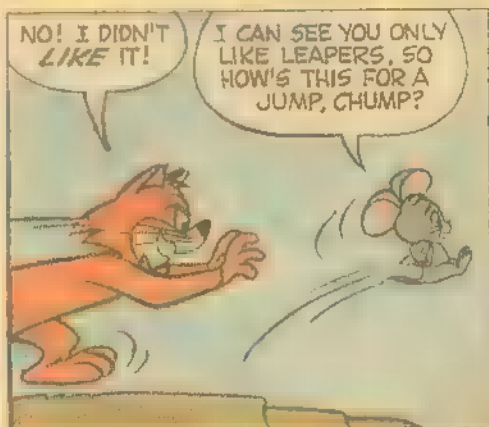
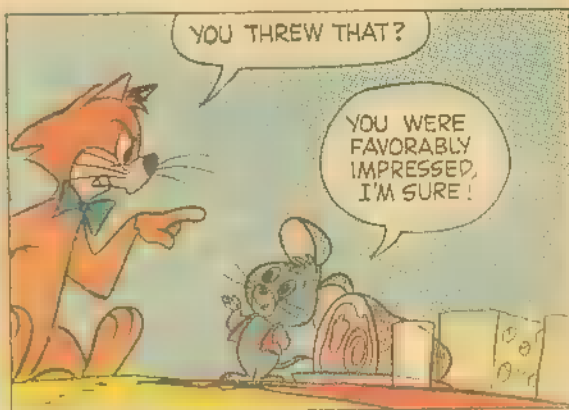


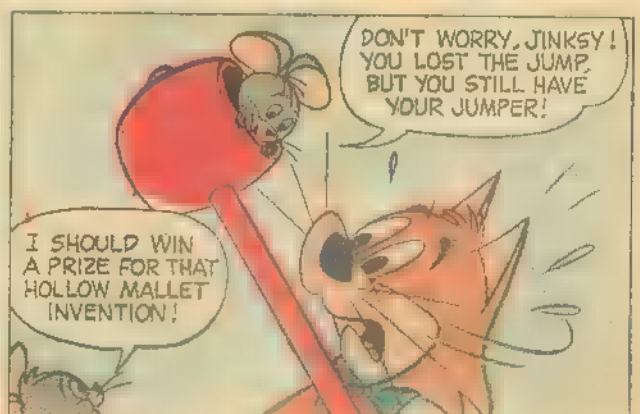
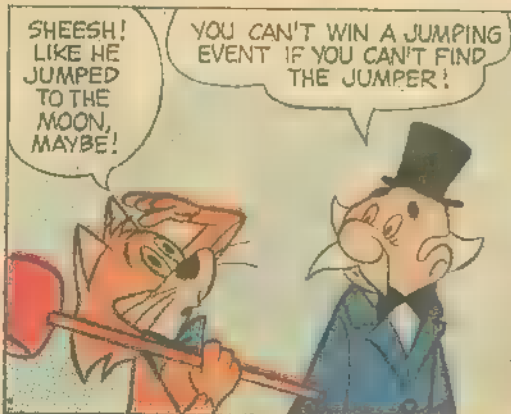
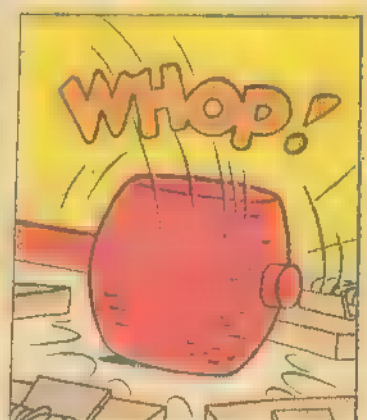
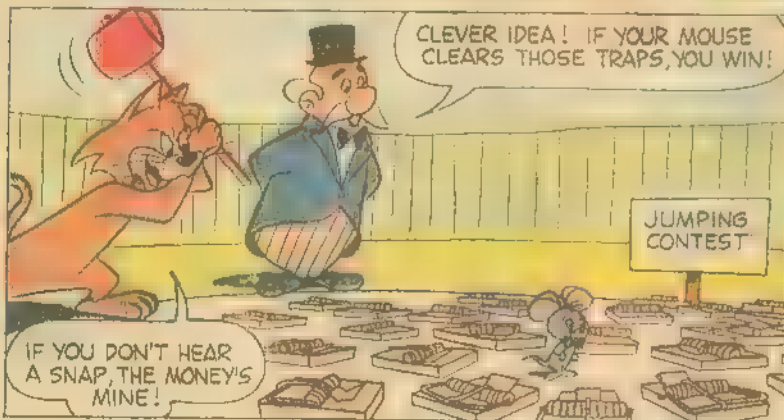
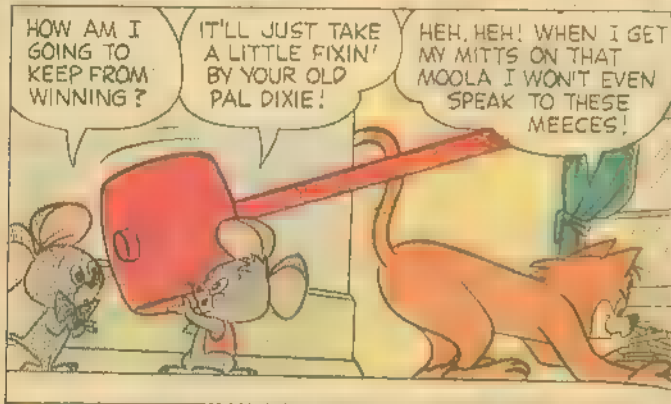
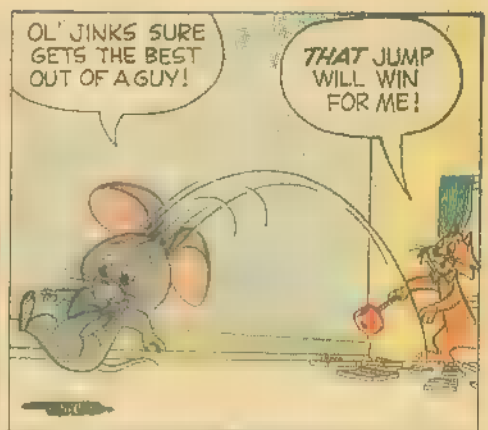
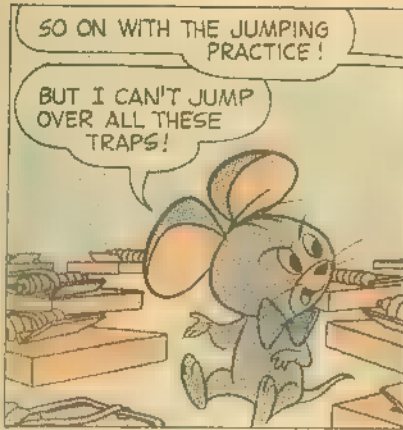
PIXIE'S THE ONE WITH  
THE POSSIBILITIES!



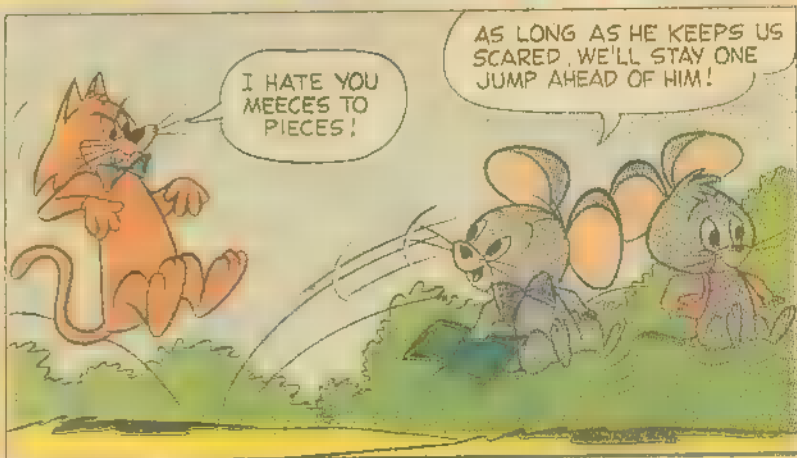
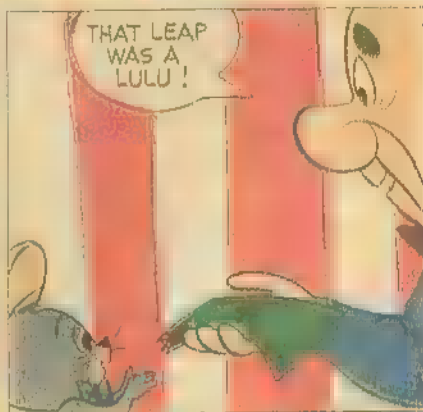
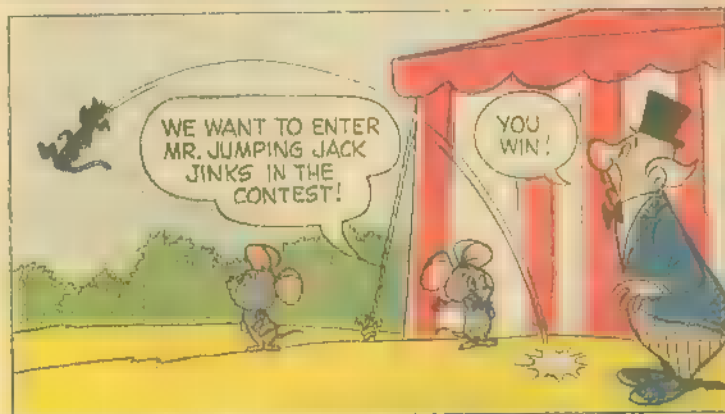
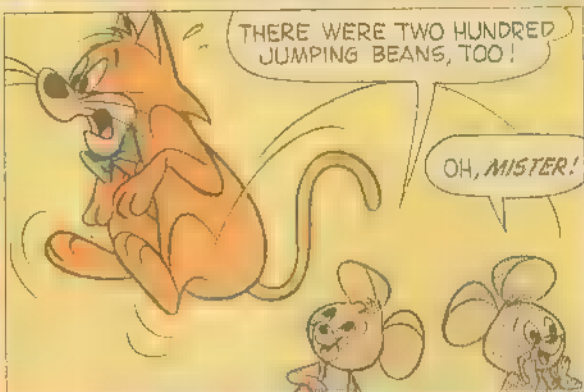
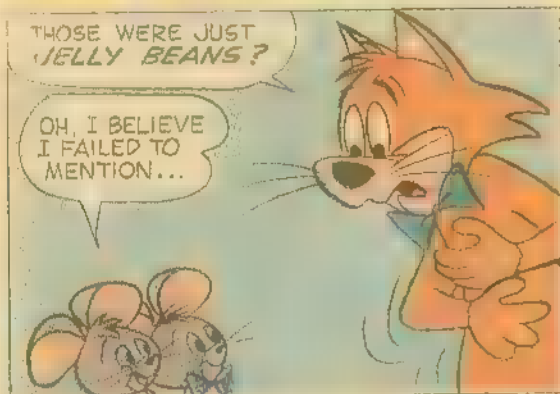
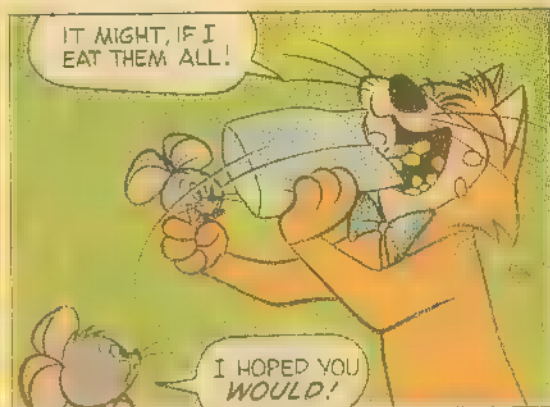
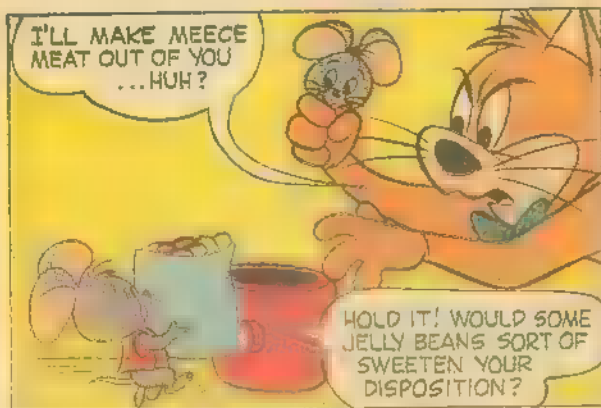


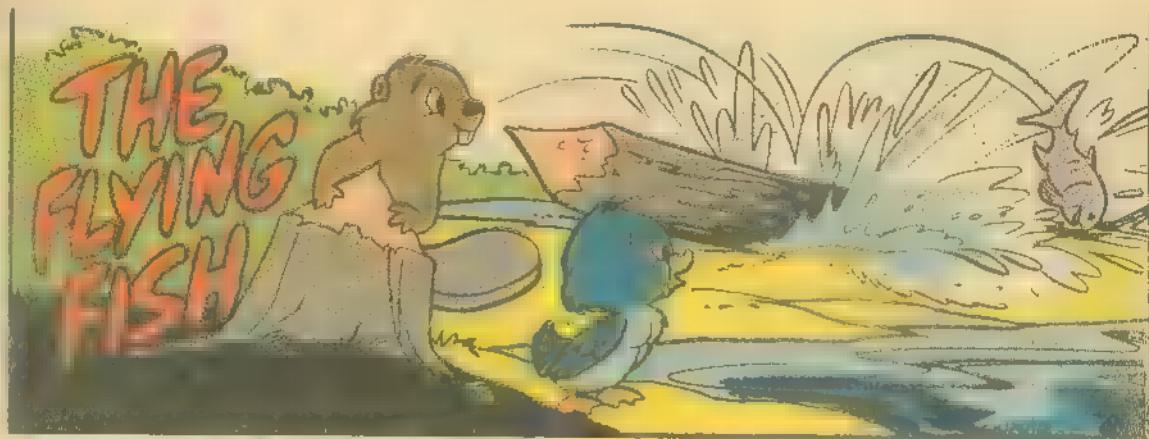












One morning following a rainstorm, Biddu Buddy discovered to his surprise that one of the fishes who usually swam in his pond was missing.

"Waki!" he quacked with concern to Mother Duck. "Where do you suppose he went? He's never left his home before."

"I know," Mother Duck replied with a worried ruffle of her tail feathers. "Last night's storm flooded the river. Maybe he was swept downstream by the current and all the fallen branches in the water."

"Is it all right if I go and look for him?" Biddu asked hopefully.

"All right, dear, but don't go too far away," Mother cautioned.

Biddu Buddy thanked his mother and swam out of the protection of their pond and into the current of the river.

He poked his head under water, looking to right and left as he swam, but even after a full hour spent in searching, he hadn't found the fish.

Biddu hopped up on a floating log to rest for awhile, and as his gaze traveled further down the river, he spied a familiar-looking fish in an isolated pond that had been created by the recent flood waters. Biddu quickly plopped into the water again and made his way over to the edge of the pond.

"That's the same fish who was in my pond, all right!" he clucked with dismay as he peered into the water.

Biddu looked around and saw that the entrance to the pond had been sealed off by the receding flood, and now the fish was trapped inside.

"Oh, dear!" he moaned. "How am I ever going to help Mr. Fish out of there? I can see he's trying to get back to the river by

himself, but he just can't make it, even though it's only a few yards away."

Biddu Buddy waddled back to the river, determined to find somebody who could solve the problem.

He tried his best, but discovered to his sorrow that nobody could figure out a way to help him.

As he swam slowly back towards the pond, he passed a group of beavers busily felling trees with their sharp teeth. He explained his plight to one of them.

"I might be able to dig a channel from the pond to the river," the beaver said thoughtfully. "but, golly, I just don't have the time to do it now. I've got to repair the damage done to my home by the flood or it's liable to wash completely away."

Biddu's eyes glowed with a sudden idea. "You can get wood and help the fish at the same time," he said excitedly. "Follow me!"

The beaver followed Biddu back to the pond, and Biddu pointed to a tree near the edge. "There's a nice tree for you," he explained, "and it'll help Mr. Fish, if you can make it fall into the pond."

"That's easy," the beaver nodded.

Biddu shooed the fish to the edge of the pond closest to the river while the beaver worked.

Some time later, the tree fell into the pond with a great splash. The fish went flying into the air with the spraying water, and plopped right into the river, just as Biddu had hoped he would.

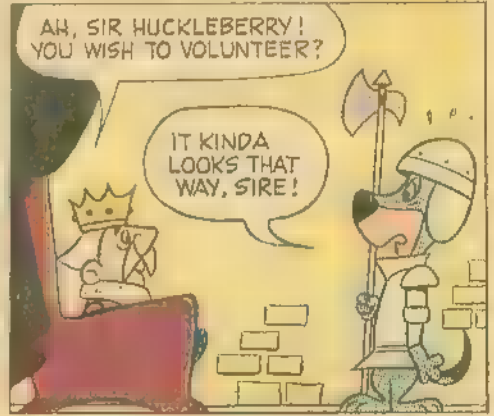
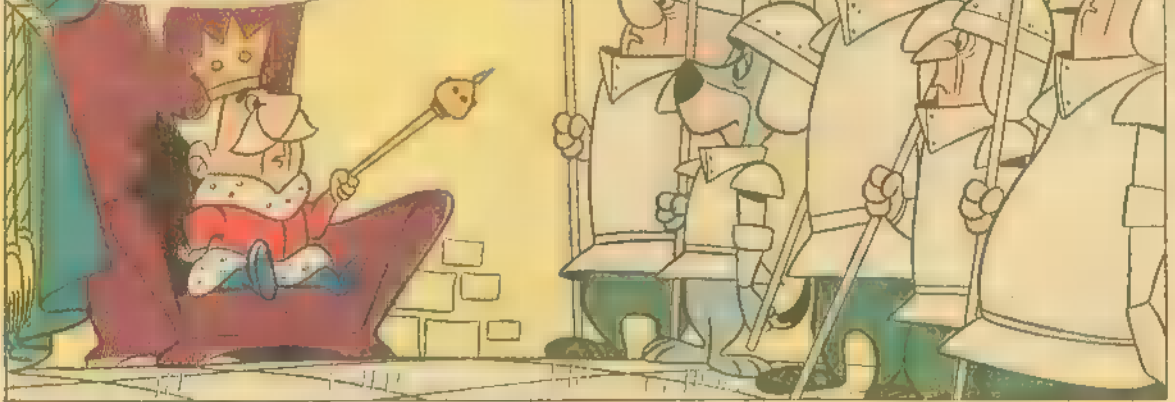
"Waki!" Biddu quacked as he thanked the beaver for his help. "Mr. Fish will be able to do a little bragging to his friends from now on. He'll be able to tell them that he's the only flying fish in the whole river!"

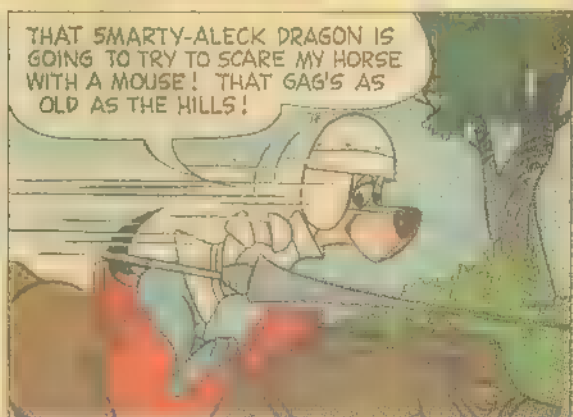
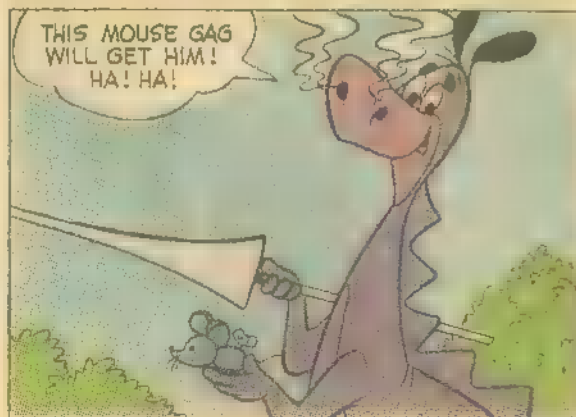
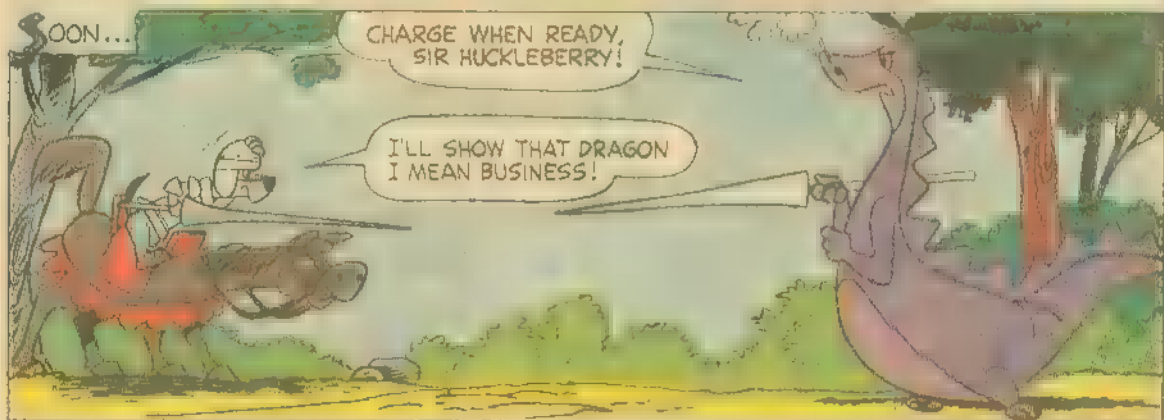
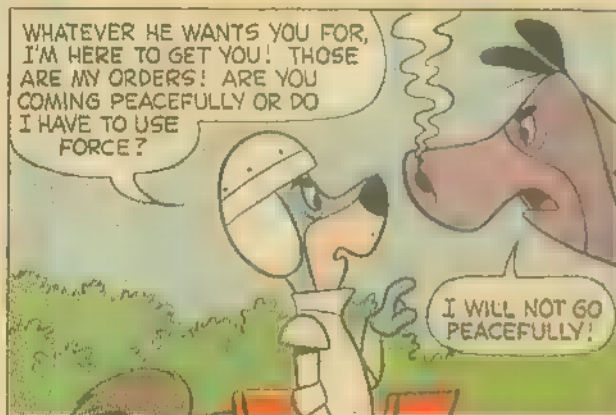
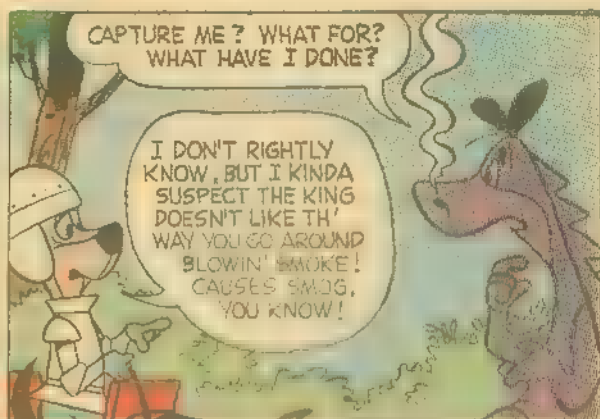
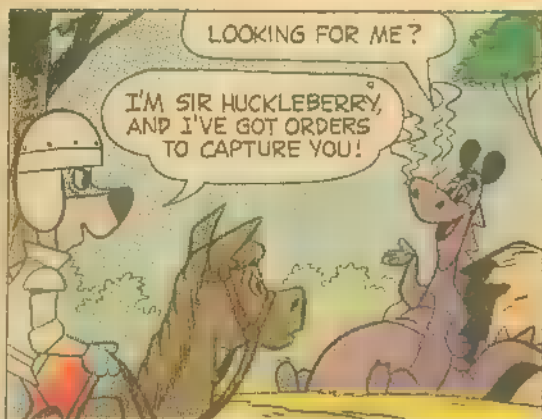


## HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

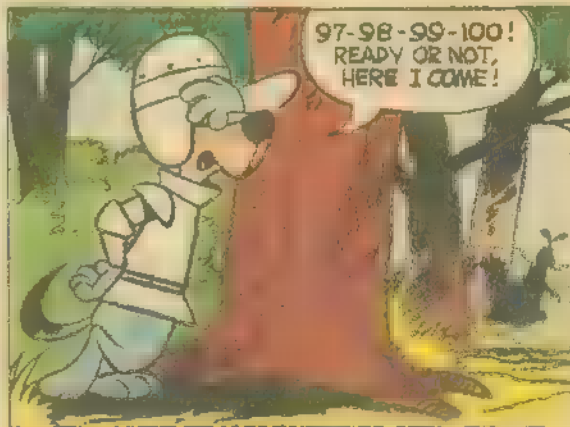
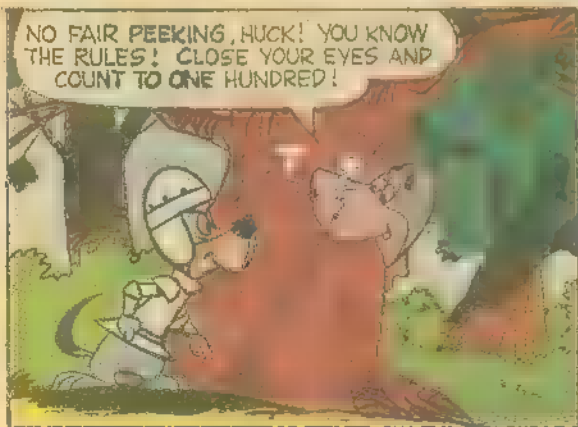
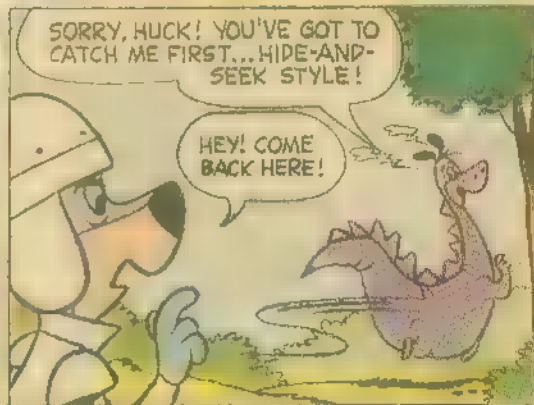
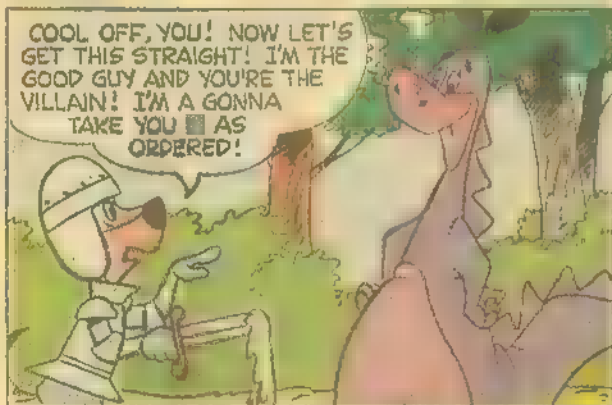
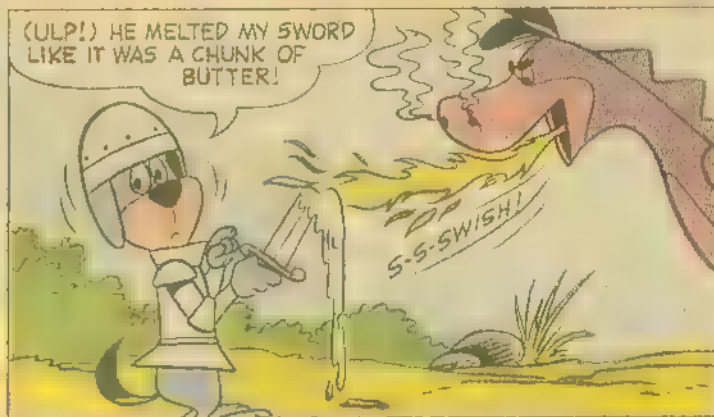
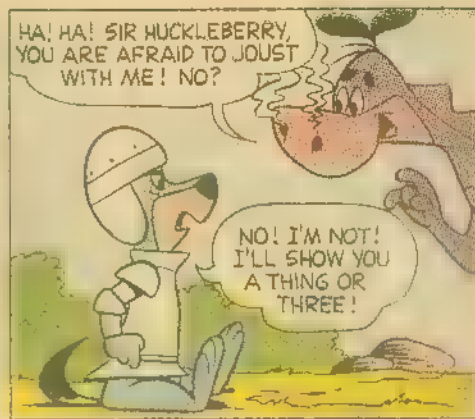
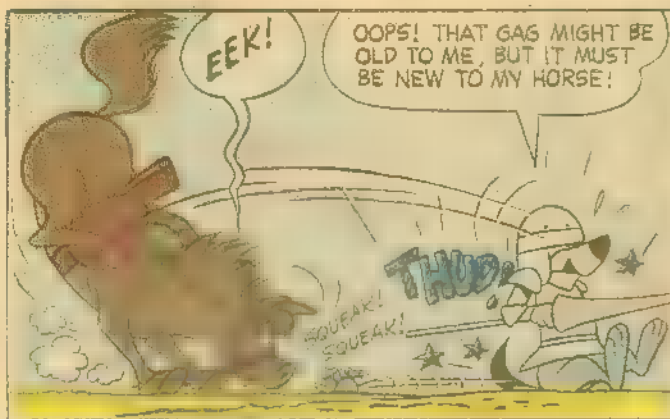
# SIR HUCKLEBERRY and the DRAGON

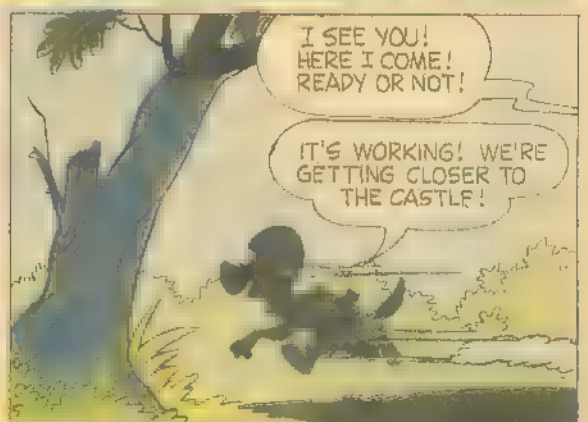
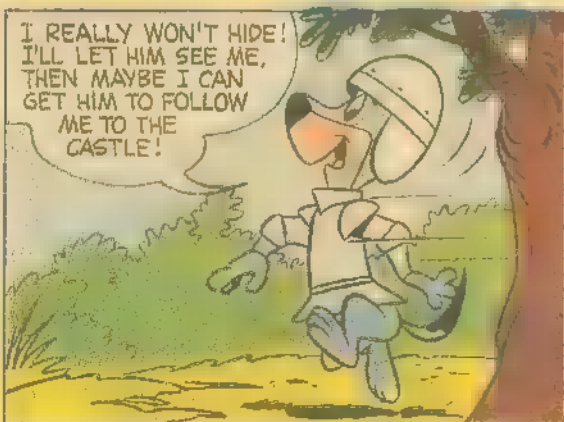
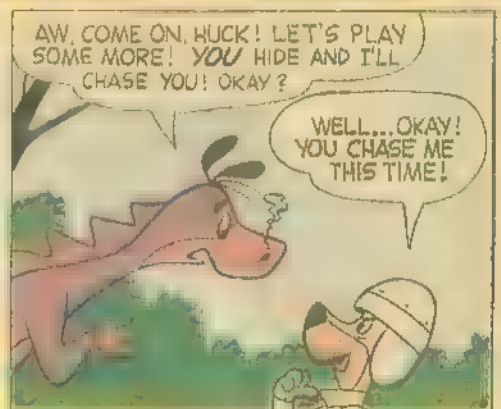
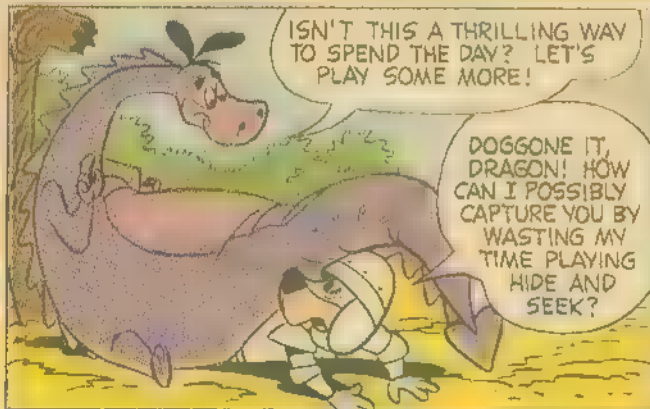
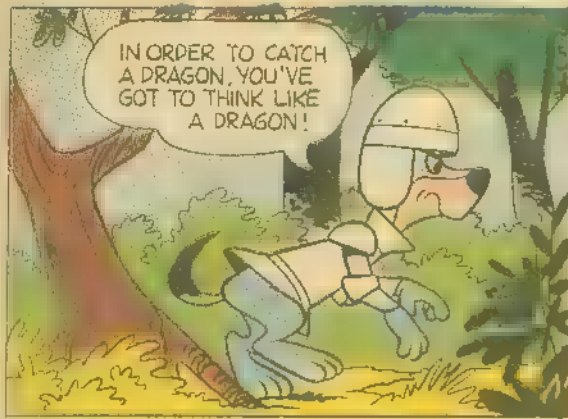
BRAVE KNIGHTS, THERE IS A  
FIRE-EATING DRAGON IN MY  
KINGDOM! IF THERE IS ONE  
AMONG YOU WHO WILL  
VOLUNTEER TO CAPTURE  
THE BEAST, LET HIM  
**STEP FORWARD!**



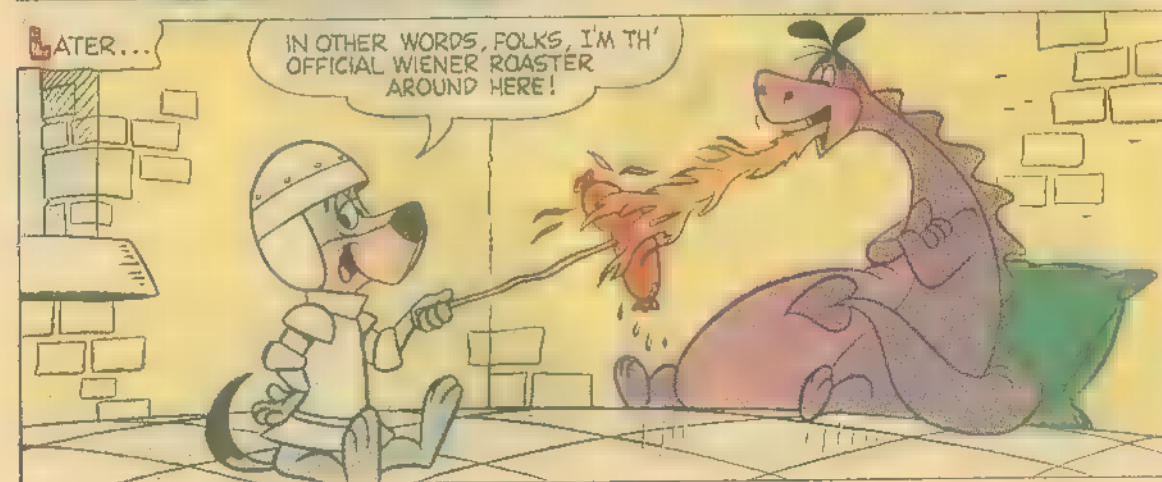
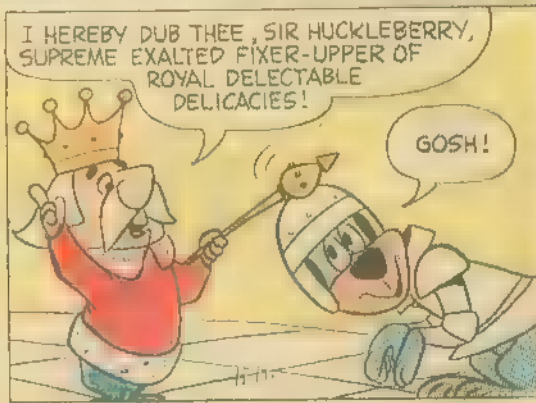
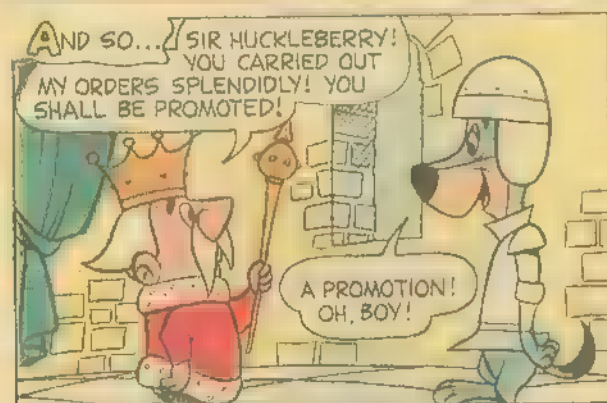
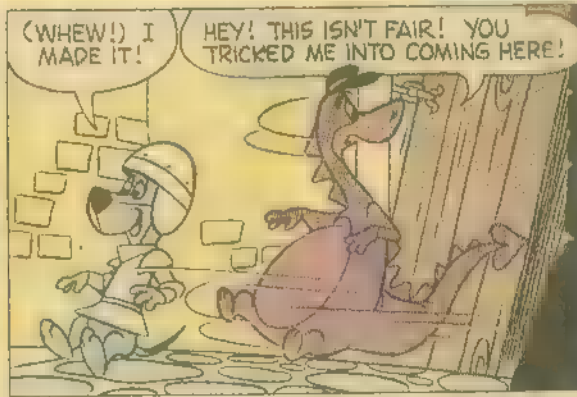
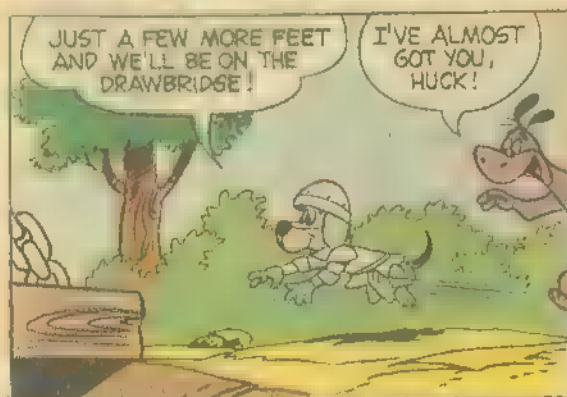
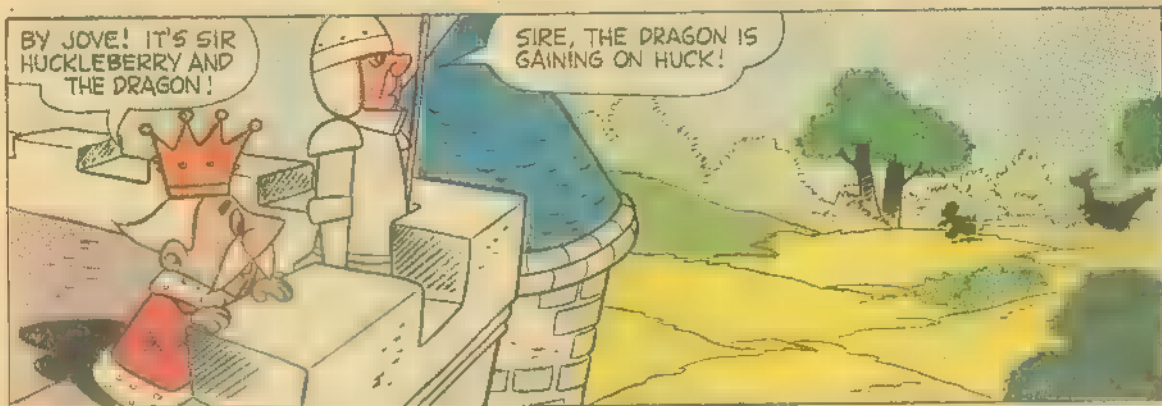


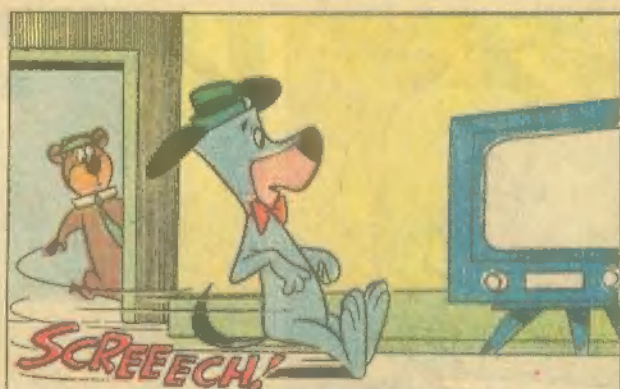




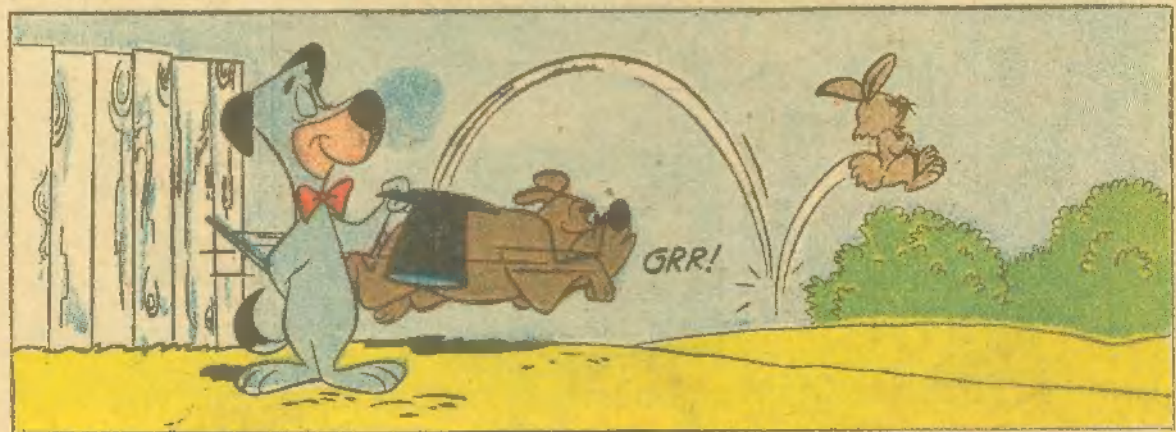
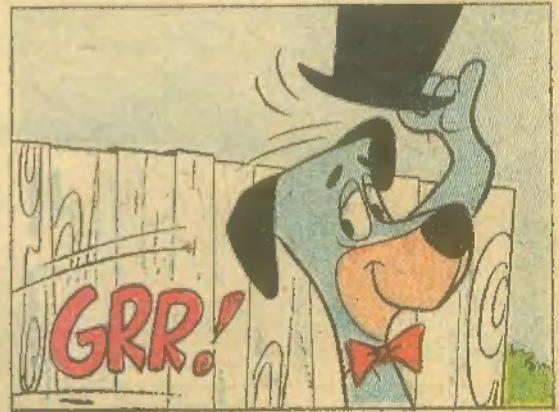
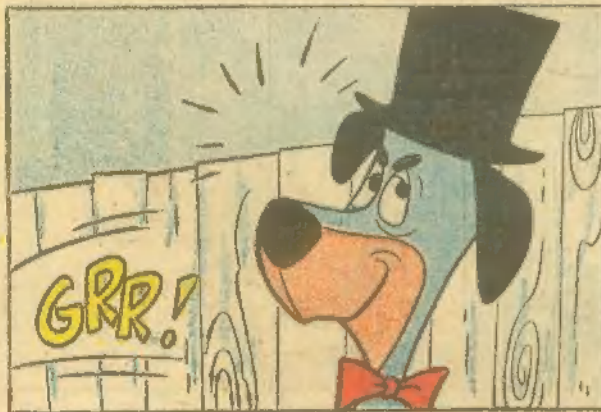
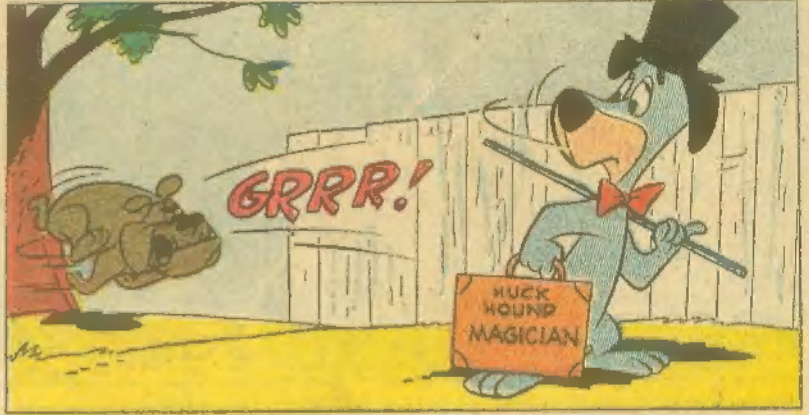
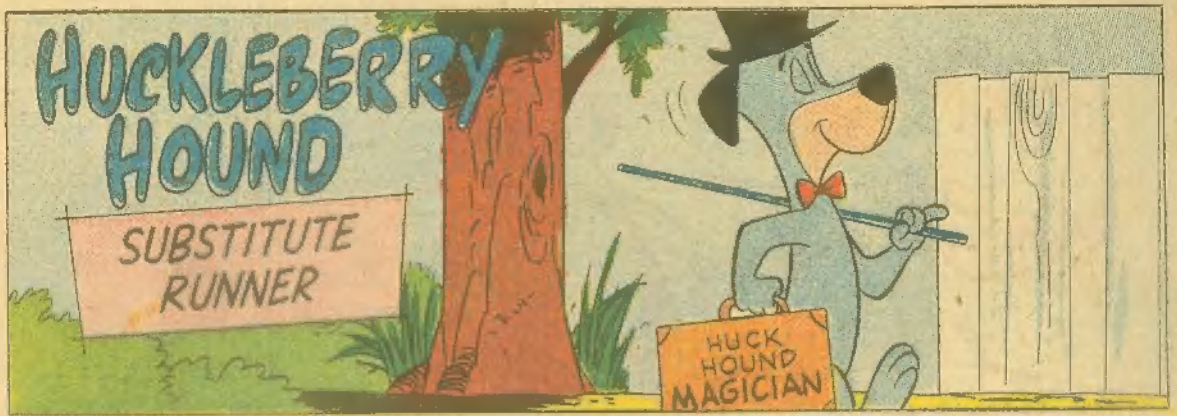






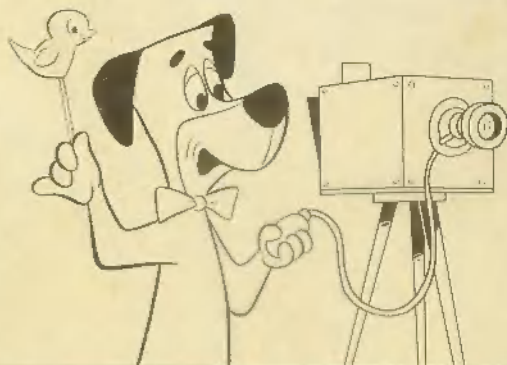






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